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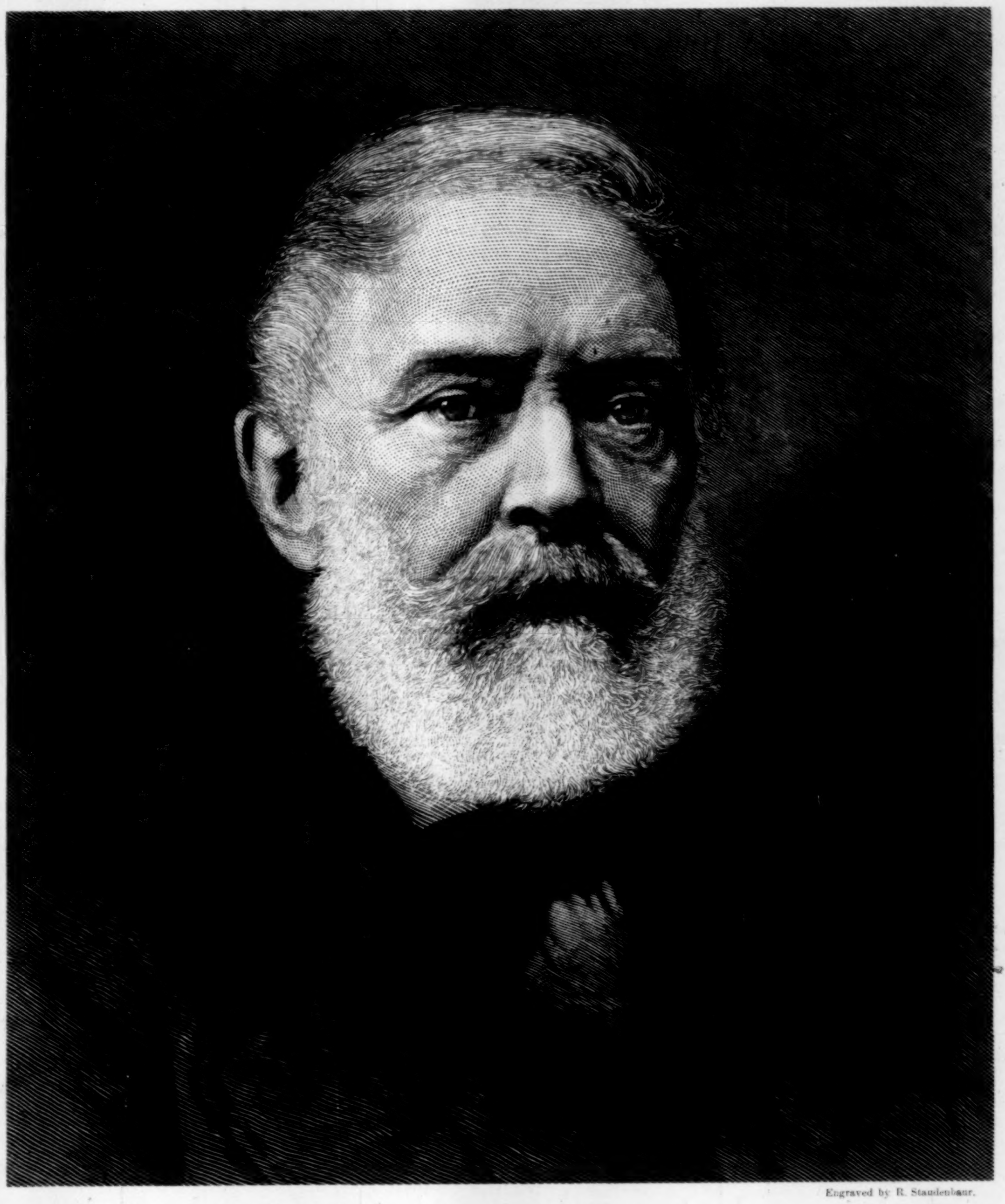


Engraved by R. Staudenbaur.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

BY FREDERIC BANCROFT.

THERE are men in political history, just as there are poets, whom the world will always praise, not so much for what they did as for what they *felt*. The nobility of feeling, the poetical and intense eloquence, alone, of Louis Kossuth would have marked him as one of the great men of the century. But we will notice especially his career as a Hungarian patriot, a revolutionist, and an exile.

Since the early part of the sixteenth century the royal house of Austria had made a constant effort to absorb Hungary, and had partially succeeded. In the wars which occurred between these two countries nearly a score of the family of Kossuth took a conspicuous part, and were attainted for high treason against Austria. Louis Kossuth was born in 1802. The most important part of the youth's education seems to have been derived from reading Roman history and the chronicles of the struggles between Hungary and Austria. He chose law for his profession, but he soon adopted politics as his only practice.

At the age of thirty he was appointed a proxy for an absent delegate to the Hungarian Diet. His liberal opinions were soon vigorously expressed in the debates on the question of greater liberty for Hungary, and he began the publication of the debates of the Diet. Although the government protested and threatened, by various devices he managed to continue the publication for several years, and to establish a powerful newspaper.

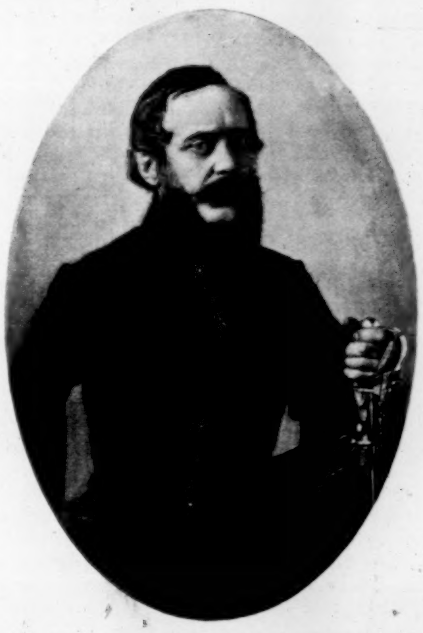
But in 1837 the government arrested and punished the leading radicals. Kossuth was condemned to four years' imprisonment. Some of the others became blind or insane in the damp cells. Kossuth's health was almost ruined before the authorities would abate any of the hardships of his confinement. Imprisonment greatly increased his popularity. Ten thousand florins were collected for his family, and the resentment on account of his imprisonment became so great that he was finally pardoned.

After regaining his health, he founded the *Pesth Gazette*, and used his popularity to the best advantage. He became an agitator of the most fiery kind, demanding popular liberty, and favoring more complete autonomy for Hungary. His editorials were like hot shot, shattering and consuming all opposition in Hungary. The conservative Liberals, like Széchényi and Deák, were robbed of their following. Kossuth made almost every Hungarian a revolutionist at heart. He was master of the political thought of Pesth as though it were a small club, and all Hungary anxiously awaited his daily utterances.

In 1847 he was chosen member of the Diet from Pesth. In Parliament he was as great a phenomenon as in journalism. Like a torrent, he swept along with him everything in his course. As soon as the news of the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848 reached Hungary, Kossuth formulated his demands for popular liberty in one of the great reform speeches of the century. He insisted that the peasants must be enfranchised, the *corvée civile* (a relic of the compulsory labor which a vassal owed his lord) suppressed; that the press should be freed, and representative and responsible government established. No deputy dared utter a syllable in opposition! The motion was unanimously carried. Even Hapsburgs began to reflect. Soon a Hungarian ministry was granted, and Kossuth was given the important portfolio of Finance. He now made gigantic efforts to work out reforms in finance as well as in popular government.

The first occasion of a violent outbreak in Hungary was

(*Continued on page 295.*)



KOSSUTH, ON HIS VISIT TO AMERICA.
Photographed by Landy from a daguerreotype taken 1852.

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LOUIS KOSSUTH.

THE news of Kossuth's death has brought back to us memories of what is now almost a hazy past. Those among us whose hair is gray still remember the appearance on these shores of the man who, to our imagination, was the hero of a grand romance. And a romantic hero he was indeed, the most romantic by far of all those made famous by the revolutionary movements which shook the European continent in the years of 1848 and 1849. Risen from humble origin, educated as a lawyer, and active as a journalist, a democrat in his principles and aspirations, he rose to supreme influence and power in one of the most aristocratic countries in the world. Nothing seemed to withstand his marvellous eloquence, adorned with the luxuriance of almost Oriental imagery, and inspired by high aims. But these aims were also essentially romantic. He sought to raise the Hungarians, a remnant, comparatively small in numbers, of Asiatic migration that had flooded Europe in the Dark Ages, to the position of an entirely independent power—a conception the realization of which could appear probable only at a time when the imagination of men was heated by the revolutionary upheavals of 1848, which brought forth events so unexpected, and seemed to expunge the word "impossible" from the dictionary.

It was not the conception of a calmly calculating statesman, but rather that of an ardent patriot who was at the same time a poet. And Kossuth's nature was essentially poetic. The year 1848 found Hungary as a part of the Austrian Empire, the Emperor of Austria being at the same time King of Hungary. The imperial government, conducted by the famous Prince Metternich, who looked upon popular liberty and free political institutions as ideas criminal as well as absurd, was essentially despotic. Hungary, although it had a historic constitution of its own, was treated as little better than a province subject to the sovereign's absolute will. The ambition to have a government of its own was a natural and noble one. No sooner had the news of the French Revolution of 1848 reached the Hungarians, than Kossuth, who then already occupied a position of powerful influence in Hungary as the leader of the Liberal party, drew up an address to the Austrian Emperor demanding the restoration of the ancient right of the Hungarians to an independent government as part of the empire, and a charter of liberty for all the peoples under the Austrian crown. An independent ministry for Hungary was granted, under the pressure of the revolutionary uprising in Vienna which drove Prince Metternich from power. But the inherent difficulties of the situation at once made themselves felt.

The territory of the ancient kingdom of Hungary was not occupied exclusively by Magyars. There were populations of Slavs and other nationalities within its boundaries who had their national ambitions too, and who, instigated by the Austrian court party and supported by the Austrian government, assailed the Hungarians by force of arms. Then Kossuth resolved to sever Hungary altogether from the Austrian Empire and to make it an entirely independent power. In September, 1848, he was proclaimed Dictator, and in the spring of 1849 responsible Governor of the Hungarian state. With restless energy he raised money for the national exchequer, organized the people in arms, and inspired them to heroic efforts. His eloquent voice resounded over the land like that of a prophet of old.

For a while victory smiled upon him. The brave Hungarian volunteers achieved success after success. Then the turning of the tide came, and with the aid of a Russian army the Hungarian insurrection was crushed. Kossuth had to fly, and sought refuge in Turkey.

The world had been looking on in wonder and admiration, and not only the national leader, but also the fugitive, had the warm sympathy of liberty-loving mankind. In 1851 he visited England and the United States, nourishing the delusive hope that this sympathy might be turned into material aid for a new attempt to liberate his country from the Austrian yoke. Everywhere he was received with the honors due to his qualities and his tragic misfortunes. Again his wondrous eloquence, even in a foreign tongue, charmed and delighted his hearers. But whatever sympathy he won, his cause was lost. It had required all his poetic enthusiasm not to see this at the start.

Paradoxical as it may sound, his cause would have been lost even if it had won in the heroic struggle of 1849. Talleyrand is credited with the oracular saying that if the Austrian Empire did not exist, it would have to be invented. Old cynic as he was, he had shrewd political ideas, and frequently told the truth. The Austrian Empire as a conglomeration of different nationalities which are not only not friendly, but in a great measure hostile to one another, appears like a monstrous contrivance. It seems almost always on the point of flying to pieces and dissolving itself into its constituent elements. But a look at the map will convince any thinking man that the nationalities living under the Austrian crown in the great valley of the Danube and its tributaries have enough interests in common to make their union under one general government desirable, if not necessary. Moreover, these populations are divided into so many different nationalities, and these nationalities are so intermixed within the different territorial subdivisions, as, for instance, the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia, and the Magyars and Slavs and Germans in Hungary, that the formation of entirely independent states out of these different nationalities would lead to inextricable confusion and conflict, constantly threatening the peace of Europe. If anywhere in Europe, it is in the territories now forming the Austrian Empire that a great central power uniting different races seems necessary to maintain a tolerable measure of organization and order.

This, however, does not by any means preclude such a degree of independence in the conduct of local governments as is enjoyed by the States of our Union. And this independence Hungary possesses now in full measure. After bloody vengeance taken for the insurrection, and an attempt at severely centralized rule, the Austrian government found it wise to restore to Hungary such a measure of independent administration as would befit a member of a confederacy, and a companion of Kossuth in the revolutionary war, Count Andrassy, was for many years the leading minister of the Austrian Empire. In fact, aside from its connection with the Austrian Empire and the Hapsburg dynasty, Hungary possesses substantially all those rights and institutions of self-government which Kossuth originally demanded; and by an amnesty Kossuth himself was permitted to return to Hungary whenever he might choose to do so. He was even repeatedly elected a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and honored by his countrymen in every possible manner. But he preferred to live in voluntary exile, because, whatever rights and liberties his country might enjoy, it was not the independent Hungary as he had conceived it, and he would never acquiesce in a Hungarian state with a Hapsburg on the throne. Had Kossuth succeeded in making Hungary an independent nation as he conceived it, it would, in spite of the brightness, generosity, and heroism of the Magyar race, have been a weak little state, torn by internal race conflicts, insignificant in the councils of nations, and constantly threatened by its neighbors. The independent Hungary he rejected is a substantially self-governing and most influential part of one of the great powers of the world. But his stubborn consistency fitted the romance of his life.

It has not unfrequently happened in the history of the world that the champions of great objects died as disappointed men, because those objects, although accomplished in substance, were not accomplished in the manner the original champions had designed. Mazzini had lived for the unification of Italy, and he died in gloom and despondency because Italy was united under a king of the house of Savoy. The German revolutionists of 1848 fought for a united Germany, and they lived to see Germany united under the same men against whom they had fought in 1848. And now Kossuth has died in voluntary exile, refusing to recognize his independent Hungary, because its independent government recognizes a Hapsburg as its King. Still, he is, and deserves to be, revered above all others as the hero of his nation.

SUGAR AND LEGISLATION.

THE tariff bill was finally reported to the Senate on Tuesday, March 20th. For several weeks the bill has been in committee. At its first coming from the House of Representatives it was placed in the hands of its friends. The subcommittee consisted of Senators Jones, Vest, and Mills. Nothing could have been better. It was assumed that the bill would be reported back to the full committee very soon and unchanged. The news that came from the committee-room at first was reassuring. Day after day went by, however, and no report was made. Then rumors of efforts to increase tariff taxes were heard, and at last the country, whose business was dependent upon tariff legislation, settled down in despair, and waited for the pleasure of a band of speculators.

There is no man who agreed to the platform on which Mr. Cleveland was elected, or who fully accepted Mr. Cleveland's own utterances on the tariff question, who ought not to have gladly voted for every reduction that was provided for in the Wilson bill. The severest criticism of that measure that was justified from the point of view of a tariff reformer was that it was not radical enough. But Democratic Senators began to demand higher protection for interests in which they or their constituents were interested.

Senator Murphy went so far as to insist on the retention of the McKinley rates on collars and cuffs. What a humiliating spectacle it was! The party that for nearly a generation had stood for lower tariff duties was blocked in its promised work of reform by a degraded politician, whom it had placed in the Senate as a compensation for his political knavery, and who insisted that the tariff should not be reformed unless a tax of forty-five per cent. was imposed on collars and cuffs. Other Senators demanded other "concessions." Mr. White, of California, insisted on a tax on Zante currants, dates, oranges, and wines that come into competition with the products of the California vineyards. Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, wanted the burdens on "sweaters" for hat linings maintained.

The truth is that, notwithstanding the fact that the Democratic party is in a majority, the Senate is protectionist, and any attempt at reform of the tariff was, and is, in danger. The trouble is not in any one schedule. It goes to the very essence and principle of the bill. At least eight Democratic Senators are said to be ready to exert every effort to defeat the measure, no matter what may be its provisions, and no matter how moderate may be its proposed reductions of duty. It is also charged that Senators Hill and Murphy have entered into an agreement with certain Republicans by reason of which they are to vote against any tariff bill in return for Republican votes against Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Peckham.

However true this may be, it is thoroughly well understood that the policy which has controlled, and which has prevented the majority of the Democratic side of the Senate from carrying out its purpose, has been dictated by persons who desire the law to remain as it is.

Under the McKinley act the trust of sugar-refiners has free raw sugar and a protective duty on its own product of one-half of a cent a pound. The best that it has been able to secure from the committee is the protection of about one-eighth of a cent a pound. This is probably ample, but trusts and other monopolists want all they can obtain. The sugar trust has been abnormally active. It has sent its lobbyists to Washington. It has controlled the votes of Senators. It has induced the Louisiana planters to demand that they and the trust should stand together, and that the sugar-refiners should have a margin of protection above the duty on the raw material. It has compelled concessions to Mr. Murphy, Mr. White, Mr. Smith, to every Democrat who wanted more tariff duties and who was willing to unite his fortunes with those of the trust. The Senators from the coal and iron producing States did not so strongly desire protection for their products that they were willing to betray their party to secure it, but their home industries gave them an excuse for joining the sugar men. The connection between these Senators and the refiners became a national scandal, and the relations of Senators with the stock market began to be openly discussed. It was even said that prices went up and down in accordance with news from the committee-room that was furnished by Senators who were actually making the news.

These charges may or may not be true. For the honor of the country it is to be hoped that they are not. Nevertheless, the tariff bill that is now before the Senate was made in obedience to the dictation of the sugar trust. That is known and can be proved. The bill represents all that can be obtained from the friends of tariff reform for the profit of the sugar-refiners.

The sugar trust, however, is not through with its effort. As was intimated on the floor of the Senate when the bill was reported, the "friends of sugar" will try to secure other amendments. In this effort they will have the support of all the Democratic Senators who desire the retention of the McKinley act on the statute-books. The attempt will be made, through the co-operation of the Republicans and Senators Hill and Gorman, to pass an amendment placing sugar on the free list, in the hope that this will lead to the defection of the Louisiana Senators, and Senators Allen and Peffer, whose States produce beet sugar.

So far the sugar interests have conducted and controlled the tariff legislation of the Senate Finance Committee. It remains to be seen whether they can compel the Senate itself to turn its back on all other interests and maintain the McKinley law at the demand of the refiners.

THE ARMOR-PLATE SCANDAL.

THERE is a good deal of misunderstanding as to the effect of the armor-plate frauds. None of the armor plates concerning which the trouble arose between the Navy Department and **CARNEGIE, PHIPPS, & COMPANY** are actually bad. All the plates are up to the minimum, and therefore good for the purpose for which they were designed. The fraud consisted in securing premiums for the firm which had not been earned.

The history of armor-plate making in this country may be briefly told. When Mr. **WHITNEY** became Secretary of the Navy there was no plant in the country adapted to the manufacture of armor for the new ships. In order to induce private firms or corporations to put in such plants, large contracts were given out. The Bethlehem works were the first to put in a plant. In order that the company might at once realize interest on its investment, Mr. **WHITNEY** gave it a contract involving an expenditure of $3,500,000. The plant for the carrying on of this work cost $2,000,000. During Mr. **HARRISON**'s administration it was deemed best that there should be competition. Therefore the President induced Mr. **CARNEGIE** to put in a plant for armor-making. This plant, Mr. **CARNEGIE** asserts, cost $3,500,000. The armor-works are entirely separate from his large commercial business, and the plant used in them is unavailable in his regular establishment. It is not under charge of the same men, except that Mr. **FRICK** has the general superintendence over everything. However, special experts have the immediate superintendence of the armor-works. The method of testing armor plates is as follows: First, a piece of the plate is sawed off and a core is taken from it. This core is sealed at each end by the stamp of the United States, which is impressed upon it by the official inspector, who is an officer of the United States Navy. This core is sent to the Washington gun-shop for chemical and other tests. A plate is sent to Indian Head for ballistic test, that is, to determine its power of resistance to shot. If the test develops that the plate is above the minimum, the contractor receives a premium.

Some months ago some persons who had been employed by **CARNEGIE, PHIPPS & COMPANY** reported that the contractors were defrauding the government by doctoring the plates sent to Indian Head, making them, by baths and in other ways, better than the plates they were supposed to represent. The inspector at the works indicates what plate of a number of those made for a particular ship shall be tested. It was charged by the informants of the Secretary of the Navy that these designated plates were prepared specially for the test by the firm's employees. For example, if there were an air-hole in a plate it would be plugged, and the plate itself hardened by special process. Thus the firm obtained several hundred thousands of dollars which were not due. The Secretary of the Navy investigated the charges very carefully. He did not wish to mislead or deceive the public by inducing it to believe that defective plates had been actually placed upon the new war-ships. The investigation disclosed the fact that all the plates were up to the minimum standard, and that the firm's contract had been duly fulfilled to this extent. The fraud consisted, as has been already stated, in securing a premium through a sample plate that was above its class.

There is no evidence that Mr. **CARNEGIE** or Mr. **FRICK** was conscious of the fraud. The guilty parties were probably young men in immediate charge of the manufacture of the plates, who sought to improve their standing with the firm by earning it a premium in this way. The matter was thoroughly gone over by the Secretary with Mr. **CARNEGIE** and Mr. **PHIPPS**. Secretary **HERBERT** claimed one sum, and the firm admitted another sum to be due. An appeal was taken to the President, who fixed the sum to be returned by the firm at $141,000, on the basis of the frauds that had been actually proved.

HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE.

IN view of the fact that there are about 18,000 insane persons in the asylums of New York State the existing feud between the asylum managers and the State Commission in Lunacy should be of general interest. As our recent lunacy laws have been interpreted, the commissioners in lunacy, three in number, practically control the affairs of nine State hospitals for the insane, with their nearly 9000 patients. Not a cent of money can be expended for any of these hospitals without their approval. They may, if they choose, dictate absolutely as to quantity, quality, price, and place of purchase of all supplies. No employee can enter the service unless they approve the requisition for his salary, and any employee already in the service may be discharged by them merely by the disallowance of his salary. In large measure, therefore, the commission supplants the local boards of managers in power.

The managers claim that the task thus set the commissioners is impracticable. They affirm that no body of men, however competent and conscientious, can judge even the general needs of these widely scattered institutions as wisely as local authorities can judge them, and that dictation of the details of management from a distance is simply preposterous. Hence the feud in question. It would be little to the present purpose, however, to recite the mutual recriminations that have passed recently between managers and commissioners. It is of no great moment in the present view that managers and superintendents may have been in exceptional cases derelict of duty, or careless, or extravagant; or that commissioners may have been over-zealous, or prejudiced, or domineering. These are flaws that might appear, through human imperfection, in the best practicable systems. The really pertinent question is as to which system—that of divided or of centralized responsibility—offers greater probabilities of successful operation of this great charity, in the interests both of the insane and of the public that supports them.

For the local boards it is claimed that being composed of leading citizens who serve without pay they will take peculiar interest and pride in the institutions they govern, and that the spirit of healthful rivalry between the different institutions will operate to prevent abuses. In the main, results have in the past justified this expectation. Nevertheless, the desirability of some centralized authority to bring the institutions into closer harmony with one another, and to guard against any possible abuses, is generally allowed. No one concedes more willingly than the local boards of managers themselves that a commission in lunacy similar to that of Great Britain, with visitatorial and advisory powers, could accomplish much good. The only question at issue, apparently, is whether such commission should have executive powers also. It is urged that to grant such power to the commission is both inexpedient and dangerous; and in view of the fact that not less than $1,350,000 a year of the State's money is involved, and that there are nearly 1800 employees in the service (both of which figures will be almost doubled whenever New York and Kings counties give up their present extravagant policy and enter the State system), this contention certainly merits consideration. Even supposing the commission in its present *personnel* to be above partisanship, what assurance have we that some succeeding commission may not place this enormous patronage at the disposal of the political bosses? This is a question that surely should be asked and answered before the matter of centralized control of our State asylums is finally settled. To most persons it will probably seem that the greater safety lies in the direction of local management supplemented by central supervision. But however opinions may differ as to the exact point of the happy mean between the conflicting authorities, all must agree that it is desirable to have the duties of commissioners and managers so explicitly fixed by law that in future no dispute can arise between them as to their respective privileges and powers. Equally plain must be the desirability of provision for such method of selection of the members of the central commission as shall reduce to a minimum the probability of ever placing the patronage of the asylums in the hands of politicians. Otherwise our seemingly beneficent "State Care" laws may forebode disaster instead of benefit for the insane.

SUPERINTENDENT CROOKER AND THE REGENTS.

THERE has been noticeable for many years past a feeling of antagonism, not always latent, on the part of men engaged in common-school work toward the secondary schools and colleges. In the West, where a great State university stands at the head of the educational system of the commonwealth and forms part of it, as in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, this feeling of antagonism is correspondingly weak and sporadic. In the East, however, where there is little or no State control over higher education, and no considerable provision made out of public funds for its support, an unreasoning jealousy and antagonism toward the teachers in the higher schools is very frequently manifested by those whose immediate interests lie in the field of common-school work. So far has this been carried that six years ago a prominent city school superintendent openly criticised the policy of inviting President **ELIOT** of Harvard to address the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, on the ground that he could not possibly have anything to say that it was worth while for superintendents to listen to. Yet it was at that very meeting that President **ELIOT** began the movement that has resulted in the Report of the Committee of Ten, and the enriching of grammar and high-school courses of study all over the country.

Any attempt to force a breach between elementary and higher education is to be deplored and resisted, particularly when the person making the attempt is a public officer. The present incumbent of the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, Mr. **CROOKER**, has manifested bad judgment and bad taste in this matter more than once, but in his last annual report, just laid before the Legislature, he surpasses his previous efforts, and devotes a considerable portion of the space at his command to an attack upon a co-ordinate branch of the educational administration of the State, the Regents of the University, who for more than a century have exercised a wise and helpful oversight over secondary and higher education in New York, the good effects of which are freely acknowledged by educators in Europe as well as in this country. On *a priori* grounds alone it may safely be held that any body over whom **GEORGE CLINTON**, **JOHN JAY**, **JOHN V. L. PRUYN**, and **GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS** have presided as Chancellors will prove better administrators of education than officers elected on political grounds by the Legislature in joint meeting. And this is precisely what has happened. Mr. **CROOKER** ignores all that, and asks the Legislature to adopt measures to bring about a "single-headed responsible management of all State educational interests, by which a great deal of expense may be spared the Treasury." A single-headed, responsible management of the State's educational interests may be a good thing (and this is a point that the coming Constitutional Convention will undoubtedly consider very carefully), but if the single head is a politician, the "responsibility" will vanish, and the saving of expense become an idle dream.

The basis of Mr. **CROOKER**'s complaint against the Regents seems to be that last year the sum of $226,989 was spent by them for higher education—"so-called higher education," is Mr. **CROOKER**'s phrase—and that this sum would have been of immensely greater benefit if expended on the elementary school system. This proposition is not so self-evident as Mr. **CROOKER** thinks it is. Spent as it was, it assisted and stimulated good high-school work all over the State, and so brought nearer to thousands of children of poor parents the advantages of an education embracing something more than the three R's. Had the sum mentioned been diverted to the common-school fund, it would have increased by less than one-sixtieth the expenditures for elementary schools, and only a little more of the meagre training of the district school could have been given by its help.

It is doubtless true that the Regents and their system need no defence, and that their work has gained so strong a hold for them on the intelligent people of the State that they stand in no danger from adverse legislation. But it is none the less unfortunate that they should be made the subject of attack in an official report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who is *ex officio* a member of their own body, and whose cordial co-operation in promoting the interests of education in New York ought to be assured to them.

EQUINE INTELLIGENCE.

A MOST extraordinary instance of animal ingenuity is reported from the neighboring natural division of Long Island. The ingenuity of the men of Long Island has long been the subject of common wonder, the best example of it being found in their astonishing place names, such as Yaphank, Speonk, Cutchogue, Patchogue, Quogue, Napeague, Ronkonkoma, and the like; but the ability of the horses has so far been unsuspected. It occurs to us, in passing, that Long Island men must be employed to evolve the names for sleeping-cars; but this is not to the point.

The interesting occurrence, an account of which lies before us in the columns of a well-known daily newspaper, is nothing less than the suicide of a horse. No light is thrown on the probable reason for this move on the part of the animal, though the correspondent does not use the venerable formula prescribed in the case of a human *felo-de-se*, and assure us that "no cause is assigned for the rash act"; but certainly the hard times had nothing to do with it, as the animal was well cared for; nor can the introduction of the trolley and consequent loss of employment be suspected, as he came of superior stock, and was looked for "to show great speed" the coming summer, he having been but four years old at his untimely death. But interest in the cause, even if known, would be swallowed up in wonder at the ingenuity in the execution of his plans.

This remarkable but despondent Long Island horse hung himself. He accomplished this by in some way getting up ten or twelve or fifteen feet—the exact figures are not given—from the floor of his box-stall, inserting his head in a small open space between the top of the partition and the roof, and then settling back and deliberately choking himself to death, with his "rear heels about three inches from the floor." This aperture was, the correspondent avers, considerably higher than the horse could reach "even by standing on his hind feet." Now, since there was no stair, ladder, or other apparatus of an elevating nature, the question naturally arose in the fertile mind of the correspondent—a mind in which questions pop up and grow like weeds in a suburban garden—how did the horse get his head through the hole? The faithful journalist grasped his note-book firmly and went into the stall and made a personal examination. Coming out, he tells us by the aid of the telegraph that the only way he could have done it was by "climbing up on the battens of the door," after which he must have "inserted his head sidewise and then swung clear," leaving behind a cold world, but doing it, happily, on a Sunday night, when news items were scarce.

It is unfortunate that the correspondent did not tell us whether the battens on the door extended horizontally or perpendicularly. If horizontally, the skill which the beast displayed in clinging to them was remarkable; but if they were perpendicular the difficulty would seem to have been greatly increased, and the picture of the determined animal crawling like a fly up a half-inch batten nailed firmly to a door, with his eye on the small hole under the roof, is something to linger in the memory. It is barely possible that there may have been a nail-head or something of that sort on which the horse got a footing which the correspondent, not being resolved on self-destruction, overlooked; or the despondent creature may have leaped up and pushed his head through the hole; or he may have swung himself up from the manger by his tail like a monkey; or possibly he lifted himself up by his boot-straps, though the chances in favor of this explanation are reduced somewhat by the fact that horses do not wear boots. But, however he may have done it, he showed himself to be thoughtful, as well as determined, by carrying out his purpose on a Sunday night, when matters in the correspondence line are dull.

It is far from our intention to attempt to detract from the performance of this Long Island colt, but it is nevertheless a fact that he might have resorted to other ways as ingenious if not more effective. He might, for instance, have picked a groom's pocket of a revolver and shot himself; or, if he was irrevocably committed to the suspension idea, he might have hung himself in his traces. The plan of pulling the slide out of the oat-bin and drowning himself in the resulting flood of this nutritious food ought, it should seem, to appeal to a horse; or the reckless creature might have borrowed a package of cigarettes from a stable-boy, and smoked them in the quietude of his stall and inhaled the smoke. Any of these ways (carried out on a Sunday night) would have attracted attention and shown originality. But those palpable and inviting battens, clearly awaiting the prehensile equine hoof, were too much for him, and he went up the door like a cat.

The old question, Will wonders never cease? will have to be answered in the negative; at least, they will never cease so long as the newspaper correspondent is spared us and matters and things remain quiet Sunday nights.

Lasker. Steinitz.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Steinitz and Lasker playing at the Union Square Hotel, March 21, 1894.—[See Page 303.]

THE TRIAL OF THE LARGEST GUN EVER BUILT IN AMERICA.

THE first 13-inch high-powered rifled gun completed in this country was tried at the naval ordnance proving-ground on Wednesday, the 21st inst. It is the largest modern gun which has been built in this country, and its trial was a complete success.

The gun and mount were built at the Washington Navy-yard Ordnance-works in less than a year, and were set up at the proving-ground last week to be tested by the actual firing of a service charge and projectile. The mount, weighing about 31 tons, was easily transported to the proving-ground and put in place; but the moving of a 13-inch gun, weighing 60½ tons, was a more delicate matter. The gun was put on two car trucks of four wheels each, connected by a long tie-rod, so that the distance between the trucks was about 30 feet. This length between trucks was fixed so that in running the gun upon the barge which was to take it to the proving-ground, its weight would be evenly brought upon the barge. On arrival at the proving-ground it was hauled ashore, and the 80-ton crane picked it up and safely placed it in its position on its mount. The gun was fired with full service charge and projectile, and worked perfectly on its mount without a break.

The 13-inch gun which has just been tried is one of twelve guns to be mounted on the battle-ships *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, each taking four. The guns are mounted in pairs in two turrets 15 inches thick. These guns, like all our naval guns, are built up in pieces, starting with the tube, the jacket and hoops being shrunk on piece by piece, the number of pieces making up the gun proper being eleven.

The statistics of a 13-inch gun are as follows: Weight, 60.5 tons; length, 40 feet; calibre of bore, 13 inches; the biggest portion of the gun is 154 inches in circumference; the number of rifled grooves is 52, and they are five-hundredths of an inch deep, and a little over four-tenths of an inch wide. The rifling in the gun gives the projectile, as it leaves the muzzle, a velocity of rotation to the right of 73 turns a second. The length of the powder-chamber is about 6¾ feet, with a diameter of 15½ inches. The service full charge is 550 pounds, in two parts, and the weight of shell is 1100 pounds.

The chamber pressure developed by the firing of this charge of powder is about 15 tons, giving a velocity to the projectile at the muzzle of 2100 feet per second. An armor-piercing projectile with this velocity would penetrate 26.66 inches of steel at the muzzle, and 23.42 inches of steel at a distance of 1500 yards.

These guns will be mounted on the battle-ships in the turrets on hydraulic mounts. Briefly stated, the gun rests on a saddle which moves on a steel slide pivoted at its forward end. Near the after-end of this slide an elevator or ram is connected by a socket-joint, moving the whole system up and down to the required angle of elevation or depression for firing.

This is accomplished by hydraulic power applied to the lower end of the elevator, as a piston, in a cylinder below the gun. The recoil of the gun is 52 inches, regulated by a recoil cylinder, whose grooves gradually narrow, and, stopping the passage through them of the water contained in the cylinder, bring the gun to a stop.

In the rear of each gun in the turrets there is a telescopic hydraulic rammer, built in sections, to push the shell and charge into the gun. Between the rammer and the rear of the gun is an ammunition hoist, which lifts the shell and powder charge in a position to be shoved into the gun by the rammer. Both rammer and hoist work by hydraulic power, the water pressure for working all parts of the mount being 600 pounds. The gun, rammer, and loading-car are at an angle of ten degrees during the loading of the gun.

Two kinds of shell are fired from these guns, both weighing the same. The armor-piercing shell is made of the highest quality of steel, is almost solid, has a sharp hard point, and costs about $450 apiece. The common shells have a large cavity, in which is placed the bursting charge, and are made of forged steel or cast-iron. They cost about $150 each, and are intended to burst on impact and do damage by their flying fragments.

The full charge of powder is 550 pounds, and costs about $190, the reduced charge being 425 pounds, and costing $160. The full charge is used for obtaining great penetration or for very long distance firing, the reduced charge for ordinary firing.

The breech mechanism used in these guns is that now adopted in the navy for all the heavy guns, and is very simple and efficient. One man can, with the power allowed, easily withdraw the breech-block and turn it to one side out of the way, though two men would ordinarily be used for this purpose. Four and three-quarter turns of the crank turn the block so that the threads disengage, seven turns withdraw the block from the gun, and four turns of the crank turn the block to one side clear of the gun.

The firing of a 13-inch gun differs very little from that of a 12-inch or 10-inch, so far as one can see; the mounts are similar, the noise is about the same, and the only difference one notices is in the effect of the blast.

The blast of a high-power gun is the technical name for the suction created by the rush of projectile and powder gas as it leaves the muzzle of the gun. It is very destructive in its effects, and has been known to tear up the planking of decks across which it passes like so much paper. At the proving-ground the firing of the 13-inch gun threw loose planks about like paper, and loosened perceptibly a masonry wall in the vicinity. The gun was mounted on what is called the velocity battery, and fired into a sand butt through velocity screens, which gave by chronoscope the velocity of the projectile.

The first shot from the big gun was fired with a charge of 403 pounds, and attained a velocity of 1720 feet per second. The second shot, with a charge of 482 pounds of powder, had a velocity of 1925 feet.

The test was witnessed by the Secretary of the Navy, the Assistant Secretary, and other prominent officials and civilians, who went down the river on the *Dolphin*, and by numerous army and naval officers.

PHILIP ANDREWS, U.S.N.

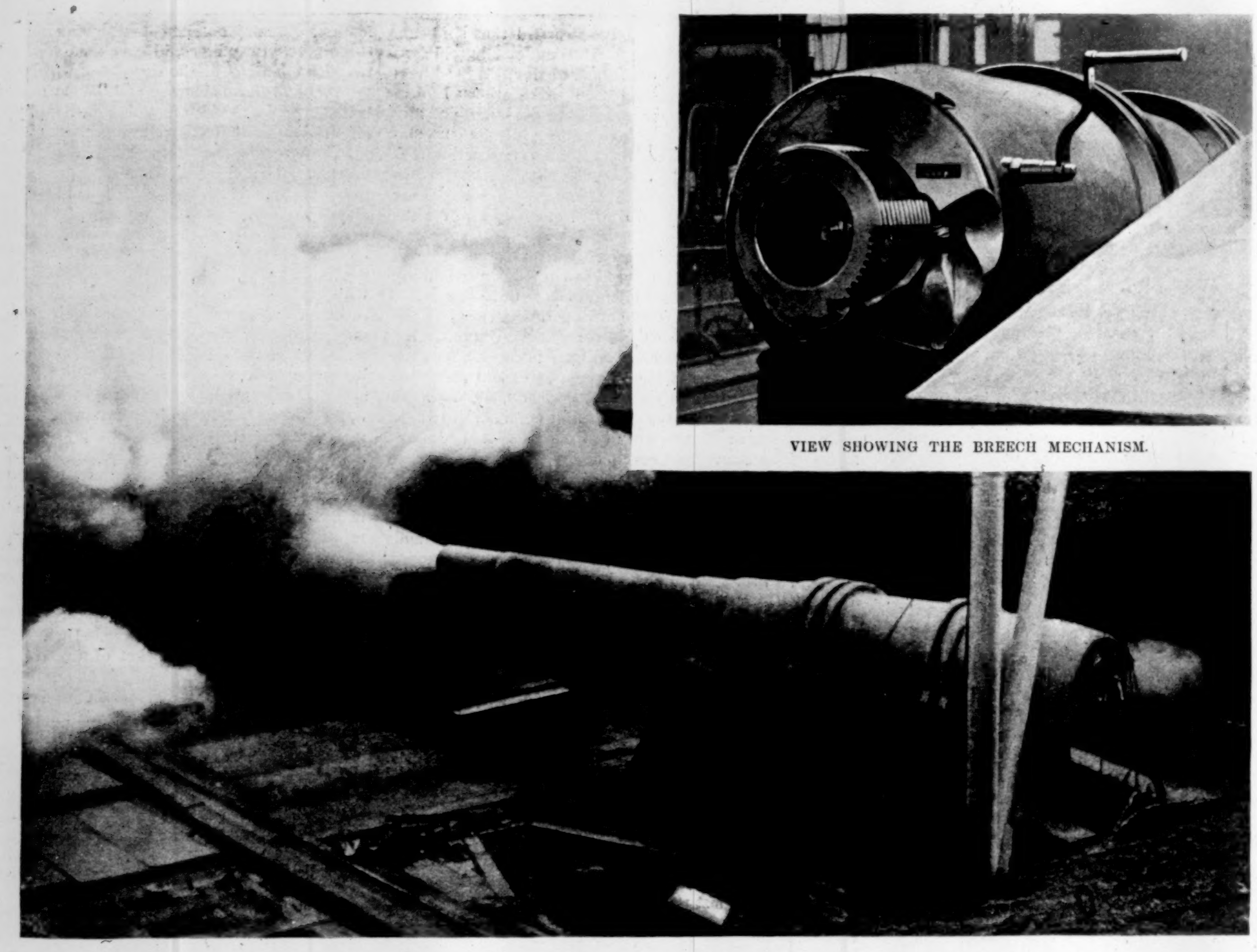
APRIL, AND APRIL'S MAID.

WAYWARDEST month of the wayward year,
You mock our hopes with your careless smile;
Now you sigh, and then you beguile
All our hearts with a pleading tear.

At hopes and entreaties you laugh and jeer—
Then you soothe us with many a wile—
Waywardest month of the wayward year,
You mock our hopes with your careless smile.

Queen of Caprices, blithesome and dear,
You, fair maiden, our hearts beguile,
Now with a tear, and now with a smile—
Like April's self, now stormy, now clear,
Waywardest month of the wayward year,
You mock our hopes with your careless smile.

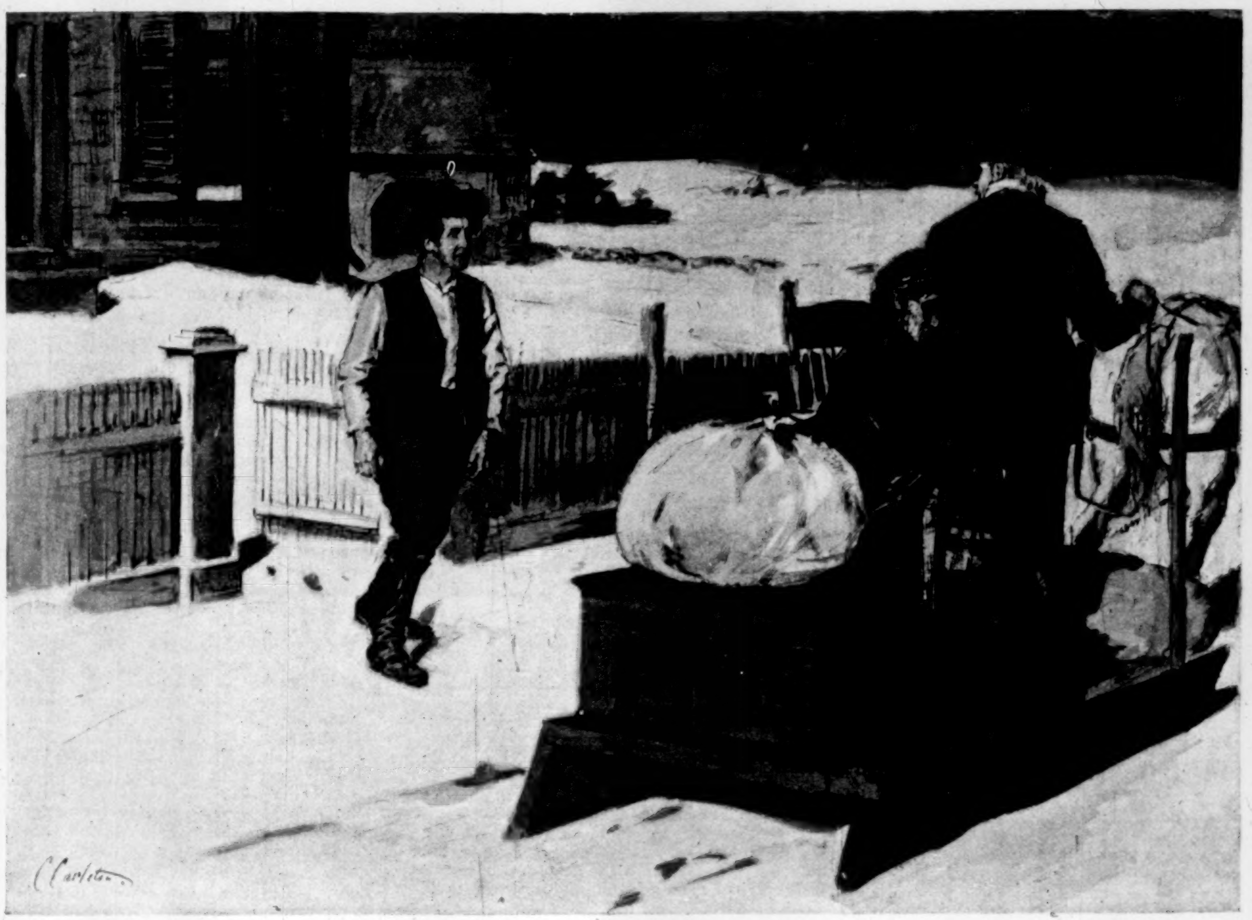
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



VIEW SHOWING THE BREECH MECHANISM.

VIEW TAKEN AS THE GUN WAS FIRED.

THE TRIAL OF THE 13-INCH NAVAL GUN.



PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW days after Deborah's funeral, Charlotte had an errand at the store after supper. When she went down the hill the sun had quite set, but there was a clear green light. The sky gave it out, and there seemed to be also a green glow from the earth. Charlotte went down the hill with the evening air fresh and damp in her face. Lilacs were in blossom all about, and their fragrance was so vital and intense that it seemed almost like a wide presence in the green twilight.

She reached Barney's house and passed it, then she came to the Thayer house. Beyond that lay the garden. The ranks of pease and beans were in white blossom, and there was a pale shimmer as of a cobweb veil over it. Charlotte had passed the garden when she heard a voice behind her:

"Charlotte!"

She stopped, and Barney came up.

"Good-evening," said he.

"Good-evening," said Charlotte.

"I saw you going by," said Barney. Then he paused again, and Charlotte waited. "I saw you going by," he repeated, "and—I thought I'd like to speak to you. I wanted to thank you for what you did—about mother."

"You're very welcome," replied Charlotte.

Barney ground a stone beneath his heel. "I sha'n't ever forget it, and—father won't either," he said. His voice trembled, and yet there was a certain doggedness in it.

Charlotte stood waiting. Barney turned slowly away.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night," returned Charlotte, quickly, and she fairly sprang away from him and down the road. Her limbs trembled, but she held her head up proudly. She understood it all perfectly. Barney had meant to inform her that his behavior toward her on the day his mother died had been due to a momentary weakness, that she was to expect nothing further. She went on to the store and did her errand, then went home. As she entered the kitchen her mother came through from the front room. She had been sitting at a window watching for Charlotte to return; she thought Barney might be with her.

"Well, you've got home," said she, and it sounded like a question.

"Yes," said Charlotte. She laid her parcels on the table. "I guess I'll go to bed," she added.

"Why, it's dreadful early to go to bed, ain't it?"

"Well, I'm tired; I guess I'll go."

The candle-light was dim in the room, but Sarah eyed her daughter sharply. She thought she looked pale.

"Did you meet anybody?" she asked.

"I don't know. There wasn't many folks out."

"You didn't see Barney, did you?"

"Yes, I met him."

Charlotte lighted another candle and opened the door.

"Look here," said her mother.

"Well?" replied Charlotte, with a sort of despairing patience.

"What did he say to you? I want to know."

"He didn't say much of anything. He thanked me for what I did about his mother."

"Didn't he say anything about anything else?"

"No, he didn't." Charlotte went out, shielding her candle.

"You don't mean that he didn't say anything after the way he acted that day his mother died?"

"I didn't expect him to say anything."

"He's treated you mean, Charlotte," her mother cried out, with a half-sob. "He'd ought to be strung up. After he acted so, huggin' an' kissin' you right before folks' face and eyes."

"It was more my fault than 'twas his," returned Charlotte, and she shut the door.

"Then I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," Sarah called after her, but Charlotte did not seem to hear.

"I never see such work, for my part," Sarah wailed out to herself.

"Mother, you come in here a minute," Cephas called out of the bedroom. He had gone to bed soon after supper. "Anything new about Barney?" he asked, when his wife stood beside him.

"Barney 'ain't no more notion of comin' back than he had before, in spite of all the talk. I never see such work," replied Sarah, in her voice strained high with tears.

"I call it pretty doin's," assented Cephas. His pale face with its venerable beard was closely set about with his white night-cap. He lay staring straight before him with a solemnly reflective air.

"I wish you hadn't brought up 'lection that time, father," ventured Sarah, with a piteous sniff.

"If the Democratic party had only lived different, an' hadn't eat so much meat, there wouldn't have been any trouble," returned Cephas, magisterially. "If you go far enough you'll always get back to that. A man is what he puts into his mouth. Meat victuals is at the bottom of Democracy. If there wa'n't any meat eat, there wouldn't be any Democratic party, an' there wouldn't be any wranglin' in the State. There'd be one party, jest as there'd ought to be."

"I wish you hadn't brought it up, father," Sarah lamented again. "It's 'most killin' me."

"If we hadn't both of us been eatin' so much animal food, there wouldn't have been any trouble," repeated Cephas.

"Well, I dun'no' much about animal food, but I know I'm about discouraged," said Sarah. And she went back to the kitchen, and sat down in the rocking-chair and cried a long time, with her apron over her face. Her heartache was nearly as sore as her daughter's upstairs.

Charlotte did not speak to Barney again all summer; indeed, she scarcely ever saw him. She had an occasional half-averted glimpse of his figure across the fields, and that was all. Barney had gone back to the old house to live with his father, and remained there through the summer and fall, but Caleb died in November. He had never been the same since Deborah's death; whether, like an old tree whose roots are no longer so firm in the earth that they can withstand every wind of affliction, the shock itself had taken him to his fall, or the lack of that strange wontedness which takes the place of early love and passion had enfeebled him, no one could tell. He had seemed to simply stare at life from a sunny place on a stone wall or a door-step all summer. When the autumn set in he sat in his old chair by the fire. Caleb had always felt cold since Deborah died. When the bell tolled off his years, one morning in November, nobody felt surprised. People had said to each other for some time that Caleb Thayer was failing.

Barney, after his father died, went back to his own forlorn new house to live, and his sister Rebecca and her husband came to live in the old one. Rebecca went to meeting now every Sunday, wearing her mother's black shawl, and a black ribbon on her bonnet, and sitting in her mother's place in the Thayer pew. She never went anywhere else, her rosy color had gone, and she looked old and haggard. Barney went in to his sister's house now and then of a Sunday night, and sat with her and William an hour or so. He and William would sometimes warm into quite an animated discussion over politics or theology, while Rebecca sat silently by. Barney went nowhere else, not even to meeting. Sundays he used to watch furtively for Charlotte to go past with her father and mother. Quite often Sylvia Crane used to appear from her road and join them, and walk along with Charlotte. Barney used to look at her moving down the road at Charlotte's side as at the merest supernumerary on his own tragic stage. But every tragedy has its multiplying glass to infinity, and every actor has his own tragedy. Sylvia Crane that winter, all secretly and silently, was acting her own principal rôle in hers. She had quite come to the end of her small resources, and nobody except the selectmen of Pembroke knew it. They were three saturnine, phlegmatic, elderly men, old Squire Payne being the chairman, and they kept her secret well. Sylvia waylaid them in by-places; she stole around to the back door of Squire Payne's house by night; she conducted herself as if it were a guilty intrigue, and all to keep her poverty hid as long as may be.

Old Squire Payne was a widower, a grave old man of few words. He advanced poor Sylvia meagre moneys on all her little lands, and he told nobody. There came a day when he gave her the last dollar upon her New England soil, full of old plough-ridges and dried weeds and stones.

Sylvia went home with it in the pocket of her quilted petticoat under her dress skirts. She kept feeling of it to see if it were safe as she walked along. The snow was quite deep, the road was not well broken out, and she plodded forward with bent head, her black skirt gathering a crusty border of snow.

She had to pass Richard Alger's house, but she never looked up. It was six o'clock and quite dark; it had been dark when she set out at five. The housewives were preparing supper; there was a smell of burning pine wood in the air, and now and then a savory scent of frying meat. Sylvia had smelled brewing tea and baking bread in Squire Payne's house, and she had heard old Margaret, the Scotch woman, who had lived with the Squire's family ever since she could remember, stepping around in another room. Old Margaret was almost the only servant, the only regular and permanent servant, in Pembroke, and she enjoyed a curious sort of menial distinction; she dressed well, wore a handsome cashmere shawl which had come from Scotland, and held her head high in the Squire's pew. People saluted her with respect, and her isolation of inequality gave her a reversed dignity.

Sylvia had hoped Margaret would not come in while she sat with the Squire. She was afraid of her eyes, which flashed, keen, like a man's, under shaggy brows. She did not want her to see the Squire counting out the money from his leather purse, although she knew that Margaret would keep her own counsel.

She had been glad enough to escape, and not see her appear behind the bulk of the Squire in the doorway. Squire Payne was full of laborious courtesy, and always himself aided Sylvia to the door when she came for money, and that always alarmed her. She would drop a meek courtesy on trembling knees and hurry away.

Sylvia had almost reached the old road leading to her own house when she saw a figure advancing toward her through the dusk. She saw it was a woman by the wide swing of the skirts, and trembled. She felt a presentiment as to who it was. She held her head down and well to one side, she bent over, and tried to hurry past, but the figure stopped.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.

"Is that you, Sylvy Crane?" said her sister Hannah Berry.

Sylvia did not stop. "Yes, it's me," she stammered. "Good-evenin', Hannah."

She tried to pass, but Hannah stood in her way. "What you hurryin' so for?" she asked, sharply. "Where you been?"

"Where *you* been?" returned Sylvia, trembling.

"Up to Sarah's. Charlotte, she's gone down to Rebecca's. She's terrible thick with Rebecca. Well, I've been to see Rebecca, an' Rose she's been, an' I 'ain't nothin' to say. William has got her for a wife, an' we've got to hold up our heads before folks, an' when it comes right down to it, there's a good many folks can't say much.

"If Charlotte Barnard wants to be thick with Rebecca, she can. Her mother won't say nothin'; she always was as easy as old Tilly; an' as for Cephas, he's either eatin' grass or he ain't eatin' grass, an' that's all he cares about, unless he gets stirred up about politics, the way he did with Barney Thayer. I dun'no' but Charlotte thinks she'll get him back again goin' to see Rebecca. I miss my guess but what she sees him there sometimes. I wouldn't have a daughter of mine chasin' a fellar that had give her the mitten, but Charlotte 'ain't got no pride, nor her mother neither. Where did you say you'd been, traipsin' through the snow?"

"Has Rose got her things most done?" asked Sylvia, desperately. Distress was awakening duplicity in her simple straightforward heart. All Hannah Berry's thoughts slid, as it were, in well-greased grooves; only give one a starting push, and it went on indefinitely, and left all others behind, and her sister Sylvia knew it.

"Well, she's got 'em pretty near done," replied Hannah Berry. "Her under-clothes are all done, an' the quilts; the weddin' dress ain't bought yet, an' she's got to have a mantilla. Do you know, Charlotte 'ain't never wore that handsome mantilla she had when she was expectin' to marry Barney."

"'Ain't she?"

"No, she 'ain't; nor her silk gown neither. I said all I darsed to. I thought mebbe she or Sarah would offer. They both of 'em know how hard it is to get anything out of Silas; but they didn't, an' I wa'n't goin' to ask nohow. I shall get a new silk an' a mantilla for Rose, an' not be beholden to nobody, if I have to sell the spoons I had when I was married."

"I don't s'pose they have much to do with," said Sylvia. She began to gradually edge past her sister.

"Of course they haven't. I know that jest as well as you do; but if Charlotte ain't goin' to get married she don't want any weddin' gown an' mantilla, an' she won't ever get married. She let Thomas Payne slip, an' there ain't nobody else I can think of for her. If she ain't goin' to want weddin' clothes, I don't see why she an' her mother would be any poorer for givin' hers away. 'Twouldn't cost 'em any more than to let 'em lay in the chest. Well, I've got to go home; it's supper-time. Where did you say you'd been, Sylvy?"

Sylvia was well past her sister; she pretended not to hear. "You ain't been over for quite a spell," she called back, faintly.

"I know I 'ain't," returned Hannah. "I've been tellin' Rose we'd come over to tea some afternoon before she was married."

"Do," said Sylvia, but the cordiality in her voice seemed to overweigh it.

"Well, mebbe we'll come over to-morrow," said Hannah. "We've got some pillow-slips to trim, an' we can bring them. You'd better ask Sarah an' Charlotte—if she can stay away from Rebecca Thayer's long enough."

"Yes, I will," said Sylvia, feebly, over her shoulder.

"We'll come early," said Hannah. Then the sisters sped apart through the early winter darkness. Poor Sylvia fairly groaned out loud when her sister was out of hearing and she had turned the corner of the old road.

"What shall I do; what shall I do?" she muttered.

Her sisters to tea meant hot biscuits and plum sauce and pie and pound-cake and tea. Sylvia had yet a little damson sauce at the bottom of a jar, although she had not preserved last year, for lack of sugar; but hot biscuits and pie, the pound-cake, and tea would have to be provided.

She felt again of the little money store in her pocket, that was all that stood between her and the poorhouse; every penny was a barrier, and had its carefully calculated value. This outlay would reduce terribly her little period of respite and independence, yet she hesitated as little as Fouquet planning the splendid entertainment which would ruin him, for Louis XIV.

Her sisters and nieces must come to tea, and all the food, which was the village fashion, and as absolute in its way as court etiquette, must be provided.

"They'll suspect if I don't," said Sylvia Crane.

She rolled away the stone from the door and entered her solitary house. She lighted her candle and prepared for bed. She did not get any supper. She said to herself, with a sudden fierceness which came over her at times—a mild impulse of rebellion, which indicated perhaps some strain from far-off ancestors which had survived New England generations—that she did not care if she never ate supper again.

"They're all comin' troopin' in here to-morrow, an' it's goin' to take about all the little I've got left to get victuals for 'em, an' I've got to go without to-night if I starve," she cried out, quite loud and defiantly, as if her hard providence lurked within hearing in some dark recess of the room.

She raked ashes over the coals in the fireplace. "I'll go to bed, an' save the fire too," she said. "It 'll take about all the wood I've got left to-morrow. I've got to heat the oven. Might as well go to bed an' lay there forever anyway. If I staid up till doomsday, nobody'd come."

Sylvia set the shovel back with a vicious clatter, then she struck out, like a wilful child who hurts itself, because of its rage and impotent helplessness to hurt aught else, her thin red hand against the bricks of the chimney. She looked at the bruises on it with exultation, as if she saw in them some evidence of her own freedom and power, even to her own hurt.

When she went to bed she stowed away her money under the feather bed. She could not go to sleep. Some time in the night a shutter in another room upstairs banged. She got up, lighted her candle, and trod over the icy floors to the room relentlessly with her bare feet. There was a pane of glass broken behind the shutter, and the wind had loosened the fastening. Sylvia forced the shutter back in a strange rage; she heard another pane of glass crack. "I don't care if every pane of glass in the window is broken," she muttered, as she hooked the fastening with angry, trembling fingers.

Her thin body in its cotton night-gown cramped with long rigors of cold, her delicate face reddened as if before a fire, her jaws felt almost locked as she went through the deadly cold of the lonely house back to bed, but that strange rage in her heart enabled her to defy it, and awakened within her something like blasphemy against life and all the conditions thereof, but never against Richard Alger. She never felt one throb of resentment against him. She even wondered, when she was back in bed, if he had bedclothing enough, if the quilts and bed-puffs that his mother had left were not worn out. Her own were very thin.

The next day Sylvia heated her brick oven; she went to the store and bought materials and made pound-cake and pies. While they were baking she ran over and invited Charlotte and her mother. She did not see Cephas: he had gone to draw some wood.

"I'd like to have him come too," she said, as she went out, "but I dun'no' as he'd eat anything I've got for tea."

"Land! he eats anything when he goes out anywhere to tea," replied Mrs. Barnard. "He was over to Hannah's a while ago, an' he eat everything. He eats pie-crust with shortenin' now, anyway. He got so he couldn't stan' it without. I guess he'd like to come. He'll have to draw wood some this afternoon, but he can come in time for tea. I'll lay out his clothes on the bed for him."

"Well, have him come, then," said Sylvia. Sylvia was nearly out of the yard, when Charlotte called after her.

"Don't you want me to come over and help you, Aunt Sylvia?" she called out. She stood in the door with her apron flying out in the wind like a blue flag.

"No, I guess not," replied Sylvia. "I don't need any help. I 'ain't got much to do."

"I think Aunt Sylvia looks sick," Charlotte said to her mother when she went in.

"I thought she looked kind of peaked," said Sarah. But neither of them dreamed of the true state of affairs: how poor Sylvia Crane, half starved and half frozen in heart and stomach, was on the verge of bankruptcy of all her little worldly possessions.

Sylvia's sisters, practical enough in other respects, were singularly ignorant and incompetent concerning any property, except the few dollars and cents in their own purses. They had always supposed Sylvia had enough to live upon, as long as she lived at all. They had a comfortable sense of generosity and self-sacrifice, since they had let her have all the old homestead after her mother's death without a word, and even against covert remonstrances on the parts of their husbands.

Silas Berry had once said out quite openly to his wife and Sarah Barnard, "That will had ought to be broke, accordin' to my way of thinkin'"; and Hannah had returned, with spirit: "It won't ever be broke unless it's against my will, Silas Berry. I know it seems considerable for Sylvy to have it all, but she took care of mother all those years, an' I don't begrutch it to her, an' she's a-goin' to have it. I don't much believe Richard Alger will ever have her now she's got so old, an' she'd ought to have enough to live on the rest of her life, an' keep her comfortable."

Therefore Sylvia's sisters had a conviction that she was comfortably provided with worldly gear. Mrs. Berry was even speculating upon the probability of her giving Rose something wherewith to begin housekeeping when her marriage with Tommy Ray took place.

The two sisters with their daughters came early that afternoon. Mrs. Berry and Rose sewed knitted lace on pillow-slips. Mrs. Barnard and Charlotte were making new shirts for Cephas. Charlotte sat by the window and set beautiful even stitches in her father's linen shirt bosoms, while her aunt Hannah's tongue pricked her ceaselessly as with small goading thorns.

"I s'pose this seems kind of natural to you, don't it, Charlotte, gettin' pillow-slips ready?" said Mrs. Berry.

"I don't know but it does," answered Charlotte, never raising her eyes from her work. Her mother flushed angrily. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then she shut it again hard.

"Let me see—how many did you make?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"She made two dozen pair," Charlotte's mother answered for her.

"An' you've got 'em all laid away yellowin'?"

"I guess they ain't yellowin' much," said Sarah Barnard.

"I don't see when you're ever goin' to use 'em."

"Mebbe there'd be chances enough to use 'em if some folks was as crazy to take up with 'em as some other folks," returned Sarah Barnard.

"I'd like to know what you mean."

"Oh, nothin'. If folks want chances to make pillow-slips bad enough, there's generally poor tools enough layin' 'round; that's all."

"I'd like to know what you mean, Sarah Barnard."

"Oh, I don't mean nothin'," answered Sarah Barnard. She glanced at her daughter Charlotte and smiled slyly, but Charlotte never returned the glance and smile. She sewed steadily. Rose colored, but she said nothing. She looked very pretty and happy as she sat there sewing knitted lace on her wedding pillows, and she really was happy. Her passionless heart had really satisfied itself with the boyish lover whom she would have despised except for the lack of a better. She was and would be happy enough. It was only a question of deterioration of character, and the ability of applying to the need of love the rules of ordinary hunger and thirst, and eating contentedly the crust when one could not get the pie, of drinking the water when one could not get the wine. Contentment may be sometimes a degradation. But she was happier than she had ever been in her life, although she had a little sense of humiliation when she reflected that Tommy Ray, younger than herself, tending store under her brother, was not exactly a brilliant match for her, and that everybody in the village would think so. So she colored angrily when her aunt Sarah spoke as she did, although she said nothing. But her mother, although she had rebelled in private bitterly against her daughter's choice, was ready enough to take up the cudgels for her in public.

"Well," said Hannah Berry, "two old maids in the family is about enough, accordin' to my way of thinkin'."

"It's better to be an old maid than to marry somebody you don't want jest for the sake of bein' married," retorted Sarah Barnard, fiercely.

The two sisters clashed like two thorny bushes of one family in a gale the whole afternoon. The two daughters sewed silently, and Sylvia knitted a stocking with scarcely a word until she arose to get tea.

Cephas and Silas both came to tea, which was served in state, with a fine linen table-cloth, and Sylvia's mother's green and white sprigged china. Nobody suspected, as they tasted the damson sauce with the thin silver spoons, as they tilted the green and white teacups to their lips, and ate the rich pound-cake and pie, what a very feast of renunciation and tragedy this was to poor Sylvia Crane. Cephas and Silas, indeed, knew that money had been advanced her by the town upon her estate, but they were far from suspecting, and, indeed, were unwilling to suspect, how near it was exhausted and the property lived out. It was only a meagre estimate that the town of Pembroke had made of the Crane ancestral acres. If Silas and Cephas had ever known what it was, they had dismissed it from their minds; they were interested in not knowing. Suppose their wives should want to give her a home and support?

The women knew nothing whatever.

When they went home, an hour after tea, Hannah Berry turned to Sylvia in the doorway, "I suppose you know the weddin' is comin' off pretty soon now," said she.

"Yes, I s'posed 'twas," answered Sylvia, trying to smile.

"Well, I thought I'd jest mention it, so you could get your present ready," said Hannah. She nudged Rose violently as she spoke.

"I don't care; I meant to give her a hint," she said, chuckling, when they were outside. "She can give you something jest as well as not; she might give you some silver teaspoons, or a table, or sofa. There she bought that handsome sofa for herself a few years ago, an' she didn't need it more'n nothin' at all. I suppose she thought Richard Alger was comin' steady, but now he's stopped."

Rose was married in a few weeks. The morning of the wedding-day Sylvia went into Berry's store and called William aside.

"If you can, I wish you'd come 'round by-and-by, with your horse an' your wood-sled," she said.

"Yes, guess I can; what is it you want?" asked William, eying her curiously. She was very pale; there were red circles around her eyes, and her mouth trembled.

"Oh, it ain't anything; only a little present I wanted to send to Rose," replied Sylvia.

"Well," said William, "I'll be along by-an'-by." He looked after her in a perplexed way as she went out.

Silas was in the back of the store, and presently he came forward. "What she want you to do?" he inquired of his son.

William told him. The old man chuckled. "Hannah give her a hint t'other day, an' I guess she took it," he said.

"I thought she looked pretty poorly," said William; "looked as if she'd been crying or something. How do you suppose that property holds out, father? I heard the town was allowing her on it."

"Oh, I guess it 'll last her as long as she lives," replied Silas, gruffly. "Your mother had ought to had her thirds in it."

"I don't know about that," said William. "Aunt Sylvy had a hard time takin' care of grandmother."

"She was paid for't," returned Silas.

"Richard Alger treated her mean."

"Guess he sat out considerable firewood an' candle-grease," assented the old man.

A customer came in then, and Ezra sprang forward. He was all excited over his brother's wedding, and was tending store in his place that day. His mother was making him a new suit to wear to the wedding, and he felt as if the whole affair hung, as it were, upon the buttons of his new jacket and the straps of his new trousers.

"Guess I might as well go over to Aunt Sylvy's now as any time," said William.

"Don't see what she wanted you to fetch the horse an' sled for," ruminated Silas. "Mother thought most likely she'd give some silver teaspoons, if she give anything."

William went out to the barn, put the horse in the sled, and drove down the hill toward Sylvia's. When he returned, the old thin silver teaspoons of the Crane family were in his coat pocket, and Sylvia's dearly beloved and fondly cherished hair-cloth sofa was on the sled behind him.

"What in creation did she send them old teaspoons and that old sofa for?" his mother asked, disgustedly.

"I don't know," replied William, soberly; "but I do know one thing—I hated to take them bad enough. She acted all upset over it. I think she'd better have kept her sofa and teaspoons as long as she lived."

"Course she was upset givin' away anything," scolded his mother. "It was jest like her, givin' away a passel of old truck ruther than spend any money. Well, I s'pose you may as well set that sofa in the parlor. It ain't hurt much, anyway."

Rose and her husband were to live with her parents for the present. She was married that evening. She wore a blue silk dress, and some rose-geranium blossoms and leaves in her hair. Tommy Ray sat by her side, on Sylvia's sofa, until the company and the minister were all there. Then they stood up and were married.

Sylvia came to the wedding in her best silk gown; she had trembled lest Richard Alger should be there, but he had not been invited. Hannah Berry cherished a deep resentment against him.

"I ain't goin' to have any man that's treated one of my folks as mean as he has set foot in my house to a weddin', not if I know it," she told Rose.

After the marriage-cake and cider were passed around the old people sat solemnly around the borders of the rooms, and the young people played games. William and his wife were not there. Hannah had not dared to slight them, but William could not prevail upon Rebecca to go. Barney also had not been invited to the wedding. Mrs. Berry had an open grudge against him on her niece's account, and a covert one on her daughter's. Hannah Berry had a species of loyalty in her nature, inasmuch as she would tolerate ill-treatment of her kin from nobody but her own self.

Charlotte Barnard came with her father and mother, and sat quietly with them all the evening. She was beginning insensibly to rather hold herself aloof from the young people and avoid joining in their games. She felt older. People had wondered if she would not wear the dress she had had made for her own wedding, but she did not. She wore her old purple silk, which had been made over from one of her mother's, and a freshly starched muslin collar. The air was full of the rich sweetness of cake; there was a loud discord of laughter and high shrill voices, through which yet ran a subtle harmony of mirth. Laughing faces nodded and uplifted like flowers in the merry romping throngs in the middle of the room, while the sober ones against the walls watched with grave elderly retrospective eyes.

As soon as she could, Sylvia Crane stole into her sister's bedroom, where the women's outside garments were heaped high on the bed, got her own, opened the side door softly, and went home. The next day she was going to the poorhouse, and nobody but the three selectmen of Pembroke knew it. She had begged them almost on her knees to tell nobody until she was there.

That night she rolled away the guardian stone from before the door with the feeling that it was for the last time.

All that night she worked. She could not go to bed, she could not sleep, and she had gone beyond any frenzy of sorrow and tears. All her blind and helpless rage against life and the obdurately beneficent force which had been her conception of Providence was gone. When the battle is over there is no more need for the fury of combat. Sylvia felt her battle was over, and she felt the peace of defeat.

She was to take a few necessities to the poorhouse with her; she had them to pack, and she also had some cleaning to do.

She had a vague idea that the town, which seemed to loom over her like some dreadful shading giant of a child's story, would sell the house, and it must be left in neat order for the inspection of seller and buyer. "I ain't goin' to have the town lookin' over the house an' sayin' it ain't kept decent," she said. So she worked hard all night, and her candle lit up first one window, then another, moving all over the house like a will-o'-the-wisp.

The man who had charge of the poorhouse came for her the next morning at ten o'clock. Sylvia was all ready. At quarter past ten he drove out of the old road where the Crane house stood and down the village street. The man's name was Jonathan Leavitt. He was quite old, but hearty, with a stubbly fringe of white beard around a ruddy face. He had come on a wood-sled for the greater convenience of bringing Sylvia's goods. There were a feather bed, bolster, and pillows, tied up in an old blue homespun blanket on the rear of the sled. There was also a red chest, and a great bundle of bedclothing. Sylvia sat in her best rocking-chair just behind Jonathan Leavitt, who drove standing.

"It's a pleasant day for this time of year," he observed to Sylvia when they started. Sylvia murmured assent.

Jonathan Leavitt had had a fear lest Sylvia might make a disturbance about going. Many a time had it taken hours for him to induce a poor woman to leave her own door stone, and when at length they had set forth it was to an accompaniment of shrill piteous lamentations so strained and persistent that they seemed scarcely human, and more like the cries of a scared cat being haled away from her home. Everybody on the road had turned to look after the sled, and Jonathan Leavitt had driven on, looking straight ahead, his face screwed hard, lashing now and then his old horse with a gruff shout. Now he felt relieved, and grateful to Sylvia for going so quietly. He was disposed to be very friendly to her.

"You better keep your rockin'-chair kind of stiddy," he said, when they turned the corner into the new road, and the chair oscillated like an uneasy berth at sea.

Sylvia sat up straight in the chair. She had on her best bonnet and shawl, and her worked lace veil over her face. Her poor blue eyes stared out between the black silk leaves and roses. If she had been a dead woman, and riding to her grave, and it had been possible for her to see, as she was borne along, all the familiar road, she would have regarded everything in much the same fashion that she did now. She looked at everything, every tree and bush, every house and wall, with a pang of parting forever. She felt as if she should never see them again in their old light.

The poorhouse was three miles out of the village; the road lay past Richard Alger's house. When they drew near it, Sylvia bent her head low and averted her face. She shut her eyes behind the black roses. She did not want to know when she passed the house. An awful shame that Richard should see her riding past to the poorhouse seized upon her.

The wood-sled went grating on; a chain rattled; she calculated that they were nearly past, when there was a jerk, and Jonathan Leavitt cried, "Hullo!"

"Where you going?" shouted another voice. Sylvia knew it. Her heart pounded. She turned her face farther to one side, and did not open her eyes.

Richard Alger came plunging down out of his yard. His handsome face was quite pale under a slight grizzle of beard, he was in his shirt-sleeves, he had on no dicky or stock, and his sinewy throat showed.

"Where you goin'?" he gasped out again, as he came up to the sled.

"I'm a-takin' Sylvy home. Why?" inquired Jonathan Leavitt, with a dazed look.

"Home? What you headed this way for? What are all those things on the sled?"

"She's lived out her place, an' the town's jest took it. Guess you didn't know, Richard?" said Jonathan Leavitt. His eyes upon the other man were half shrewdly inquiring, half bewildered.

Sylvia never turned her head. She sat with her eyes closed behind her veil.

"Jest turn that sled 'round," said Richard Alger.

"Turn the sled 'round?"

"Yes, turn it 'round!" Richard himself grasped the bay horse by the bit as he spoke. "Back! back!" he shouted.

"What are you doin' on, Richard?" cried the old man, but he pulled his right rein mechanically, and the sled slewed slowly and safely around. Richard jumped on and stood just beside Sylvia, holding to a stake. "Where d'ye want to go?" asked the old man.

"Back."

"But the town—"

"I'll take care of the town."

Jonathan Leavitt drove back. Sylvia opened her eyes a little way, and saw Richard's back. "You'll catch cold without your coat," she half gasped.

"No, I sha'n't," returned Richard, but he did not turn his head.

Sylvia did not say any more. She was trembling so that her very thoughts seemed to waver. They turned the corner of the old road, and drove up to her old house. Richard stepped off the sled, and held out his hands to Sylvia. "Come, get off," said he.

"I dun'no' about this," said Jonathan Leavitt. "I'm willin', as far as I'm concerned, Richard, but I've had my instructions."

"I tell you I'll take care of it," said Richard Alger. "I'll settle all the damages with the town. Come, Sylvia, get off!"

And Sylvia Crane stepped weakly off the wood-sled, and Richard Alger helped her into the house. "Why, you can't hardly walk," said he, and Sylvia had never heard anything like the tenderness in his tone. He bent down and rolled away the stone. Sylvia had rolled it in front of the door herself when she went out, as she supposed, for the last time. Then he opened the door, and took hold of her slender shawled arm, and half lifted her in.

"Go in an' sit down," said he, "while we get the things in."

Sylvia went mechanically into her clean, fireless parlor; it was the room where she had always received Richard. She sat down in a flag-bottomed chair and waited.

Richard and Jonathan Leavitt came into the house tugging the feather bed between them. "We'll put it in the kitchen," she heard Richard say. They brought in the chest and the bundle of bedding. Then Richard came into the parlor carrying the rocking-chair before him. "You want this in here, don't you?" he said.

"It belongs here," said Sylvia, faintly. Jonathan Leavitt gathered up his reins and drove out of the yard.

Richard set down the chair, then he went and stood before Sylvia.

"Look here—Sylvia," said he. Then he stopped and put his hands over his face. His whole frame shook. Sylvia stood up. "Don't, Richard," she said.

"I never had any idea of this," said Richard Alger, with a great groaning sob.

"Don't you feel so bad, Richard," said Sylvia.

Suddenly Richard put his arm around Sylvia, and pulled her close to him. "I'll look out and do better by you the rest of your life, anyhow," he said. He took hold of Sylvia's veil and pulled it back. Her pale face drooped before him.

"You look—half—starved," he said. Sylvia looked up and saw tears on his rough cheeks.

"Don't you feel bad, Richard," she said again.

"I'd ought to feel bad," said Richard, fiercely.

"I couldn't help it—that night you come and found me gone. It was that night that Charlotte had the trouble with Barney. Sarah, she wouldn't let me come home any sooner. I was dreadful upset about it."

"I've been meaner than sin, an' I don't know as it makes it any better because I couldn't seem to help it," said Richard Alger. "I didn't forget you a single minute, Sylvia, an' I was awful sorry for you, an' there wasn't a Sabbath night that I didn't want to come more than I wanted to go to heaven! But I couldn't; I couldn't nohow. I've always had to travel in tracks, an' no man livin' knows how deep a track he's in till he gets jolted out of it and can't get back. But I've got into a track now, an' I'll die before I get out of it. There ain't any use in your lookin' at me, Sylvia, but if you can make up your mind to have me, I'll try my best, an' do all I can to make it all up to you in the time that's left."

"I'm afraid you've had a dreadful hard time, livin' alone so long, an' tryin' to do for yourself," said Sylvia, pitifully.

"I'm glad I have," replied Richard, grimly.

He clasped Sylvia closer; her best bonnet was all crushed against his breast. He looked around over her head as if searching for something.

"Where's the sofa gone?" he asked.

"I gave it—to Rose for a weddin'-present—I thought I shouldn't ever need it," Sylvia murmured.

"Well, I've got one; it ain't any matter," said Richard.

He moved toward the rocking-chair, drawing Sylvia gently along with him.

"Sit down, Sylvia," said he, softly.

"No, you sit down in the rocking-chair, Richard," said Sylvia. She reached out and pulled a flag-bottomed chair close, and sat down herself. Richard sat in the rocking-chair.

Sylvia untied her bonnet, took it off, and straightened it. Richard watched her. "I want you to have a white bonnet," said he.

"I'm too old, Richard," Sylvia replied, blushing. "No, you ain't," he said, defiantly. "You've got to have a white bonnet."

Sylvia looked in his face; and, indeed, hers looked young enough for a white bonnet; it flushed and lit up like an old flower revived in a new spring. Richard leaned over toward her, and the two old lovers kissed each other. Richard moved his chair close to hers, and Sylvia felt his arm coming around her waist. She sat still. "Put your head down on my shoulder," whispered Richard.

And Sylvia laid her head on Richard's shoulder. She felt as if she were dreaming of a dream.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIAMONDS IN METEORITES.

In a report made by George F. Kunz to the United States Geological Survey (not yet in print) an interesting account is given of an experiment made at Chicago during the World's Fair in determining the character of what appeared to be a diamond carbon found in a meteorite by Professor George A. Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania. Professor A. E. Foote, of Philadelphia, obtained a piece of meteorite from Cañon Diablo, Arizona, in 1891. He sent it to Professor Koenig for examination. The piece weighed about sixteen pounds. When an attempt was made to cut it, it was found to be remarkably hard. The edge of a half-inch chisel was repeatedly broken by it. One spot in particular was so hard that the tools produced a black powder instead of chips. When the meteorite was being cut, an attempt was made to polish the sections on an emery wheel. The emery wheel was ruined. Diamonds had been noted previously in Russian meteoric stones, and Professor Koenig pronounced the black particles from this Arizona meteorite to be diamond. The particles of this substance obtained were so minute that the ordinary chemical tests could not be applied to them; but Mr. Kunz suggested at the meeting of the Academy of Arts and Sciences that if enough clear grains could be obtained to polish a diamond, the nature of the substance would be definitely determined. About two hundred pounds of the meteoric iron was examined, and specimens which appeared to contain diamonds were dissolved. The exhibit of diamond-cutting in the mining building of the World's Fair gave the opportunity for trying the experiment, and Tiffany & Company made preparations for the test. A diamond-polishing wheel was specially planed down, and prepared with radiating scratches so as to be easily charged with diamond powder. The wheel was run at 2500 revolutions to the minute, and a diamond was tried on it for five minutes without any polish resulting. The wheel was then charged with the meteorite powder mixed with oil. As soon as the diamond was placed on the wheel a hissing noise showed that it was being cut. In three minutes one face of the diamond was polished. After a series of experiments with this powder, Mr. Kunz says he is satisfied that it is diamond, "or a substance with the same hardness, color, lustre, and brilliancy."

This experiment is interesting only as showing one of the queer freaks of nature. Why a meteorite should be charged with diamond-dust is no more apparent than is the reason for the discovery of a single diamond in a Kentucky field. There has been but one diamond discovery in Kentucky, though certain sections of the State have been studied minutely with a view to probable development of diamond mines. The diamond in the United States is almost as great a freak as the diamond-dust in the meteorite.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

(*Continued from front page.*)

created by the opposition of the Servians and Croats to the Hungarian ministry. Having succeeded in partially undermining the support of the ministry, Austria resolved to check Hungarian demands. This enraged Kossuth and his party. But there was one more petition to Austria for Hungarian rights. That being refused, the leaders threw down the imperial colors, and replaced them with Hungarian plumes of red. When the Austrian army invaded Hungary to compel submission, the National Assembly, on April 14, 1849, declared Hungary a republic, and appointed Kossuth provisional Governor. He was the impersonation of Hungarian aims, and the dictator of her policy.

For centuries the Magyars had been violent warriors, and now they fought with terrible fury. Every peasant knew that the cause was his. Austria's superior numbers were no match for Hungarian zeal. The red plumes would finally have been victorious had not Russia interfered. Kossuth was quick to recognize the calamity; he would not wage a hopeless war. With many of the Hungarian patriots he sought safety in flight to Turkey, in the summer of 1850, and solicited the protection of the Sultan.

Here, where Kossuth's political career may be said to have ended, his popular fame in the United States began. We have always sympathized with the most radical freedom *abroad*. Next to the Irish and the French, we are the most highly tuned sentimentalists. With the negro and the Indian at home, our fathers somehow reserved their sympathies and their rhetoric for Europe. For a year Austria, with Russia's assistance, strove to induce Turkey to surrender Kossuth. Americans, naïvely unmindful of their own offences against liberty, could almost feel their blood boil when they thought of such a man as Kossuth being the subject of negotiations between these two powers. The politician knows popular weaknesses, and he soon had Massachusetts and Mississippi talking political sentiment in concert, as if neither the neutrality nor the reason of Washington had ever been known. Congress requested the President to express to Kossuth its sympathy in his exile and misfortunes, and to invite him and his companions to come to America, and a ship was despatched to bring them.

Kossuth's fame was now world-wide. Although he only made a brief halt in England, one hundred and thirty-seven municipalities invited him to address them. Excepting only Lafayette, no foreigner has ever received such a welcome in the United States, and few Americans have ever called forth such impulsive praise. As it was understood that he would not even utter the words *slavery*, abolitionist and slaveholder alike honored and loved him as if he were a heroic elder brother. Seward spoke of "the great, the towering fame of the author, the hero, and the sufferer of the Hungarian Revolution." Think of Foot of Mississippi shouting, "There has been only one Washington, and there is only one Kossuth!"

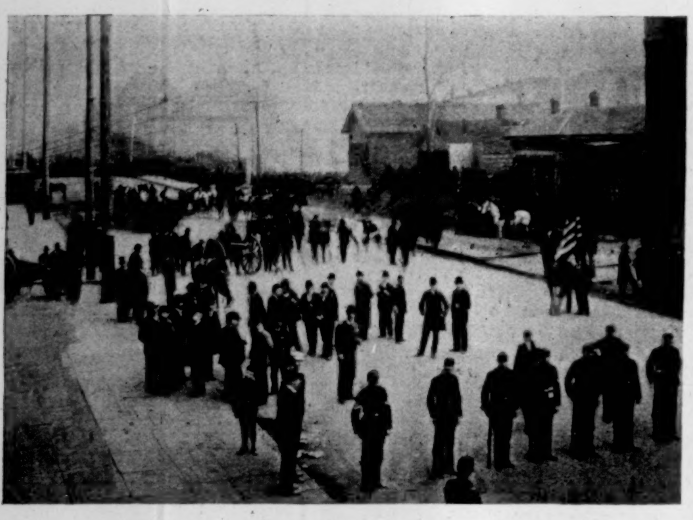
The Hungarian was worthy of all the honor that was heaped upon him. What most captivated the popular fancy of our people was his oratory and his picturesqueness. In the sickly damps of his Austrian dungeon his only companion were copies of King James's Bible and Shakespeare's dramas. Through these he became a master of what may be called heroic English. How his eloquence in such English impressed his hearers may best be described by a writer of that time who had felt "the strange enchantment of his discourse": "The effect is aided by the peculiarity of his position, the picturesqueness of his costume, which he adjusts with an eye for artistic effect, by the low and wailing tone of his voice, by the sadness of his sable garb and plume, by the Eastern honors of his unshorn countenance, by the burden of sorrow with which his soul is laden. His voice is not powerful, but it is so clear and neat that his words reach the farthest limit of the largest and most crowded assembly; and when he rises, in attitudes of studied and pictorial woe, to plead, an exile, the cause of his fallen country, the most obstinate prejudice relents, the sternest logic yields to the magic of the hour."

Some have blamed Kossuth because he took our politicians seriously, and because he believed that when they advocated threatening resolutions against European tyrants, and when the whole nation called him "Governor" Kossuth, and gave him a boundless welcome, *something* would be done to assist his sad country. To him the cause was sacred, and we respect him the more that in his disappointment he discreetly resented our barren but loquacious sympathy.

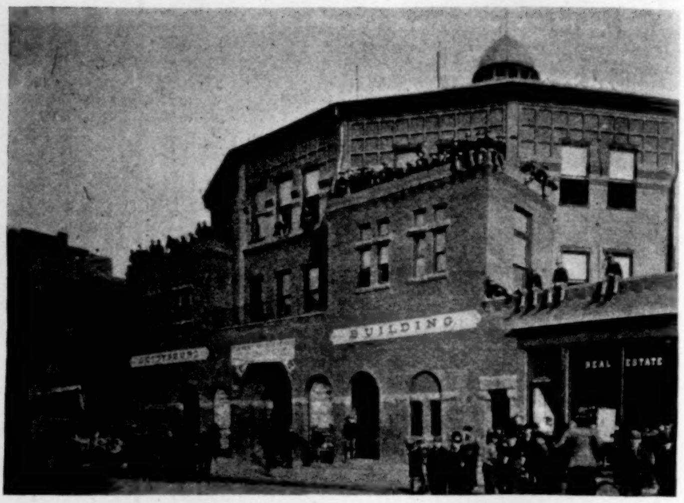
Kossuth, like Dante, passed his prime in exile. The poet could sing on, but the patriot was powerless without a country. After his fruitless efforts in the United States he returned to England, where he remained until 1860. Then he withdrew to Italy, where death finally overtook him a few days ago, at the remarkable age of ninety-two. For many years Hungarian exiles continued to expect that a war between Austria and some other European state would open the way for the independence of their country. Therefore a latent agitation was kept up in Hungary and in several foreign countries. Kossuth made great efforts during the Italian war of 1859 and the Prussian one of 1866 to inspire another struggle for independence, but his labor was all in vain.

After many trials and defeats the Hapsburgs resolved in 1867 to make changes which granted some of the most important demands of the Hungarian Liberals of 1848. Austria and Hungary became reconciled, and many of the old exiles returned home. Although these reforms were to a great extent a justification of Kossuth's political career, he protested in much sorrow against the action of his old friends in accepting a constitutional monarchy instead of continuing to plot for a Hungarian republic. He wrote to one of them that he would end his life in a foreign land; that he could not and ought not to accept an amnesty. "And besides," he added, "of what further use could I be? The bitter years of exile have broken my strength." In honor of his ninetieth birthday the Protestants of Tallya decorated the church in which he was christened, and invited him to attend the ceremonies. But he declined to set foot in Hungary so long as she recognized as her King a prince who was also the Emperor of Austria.

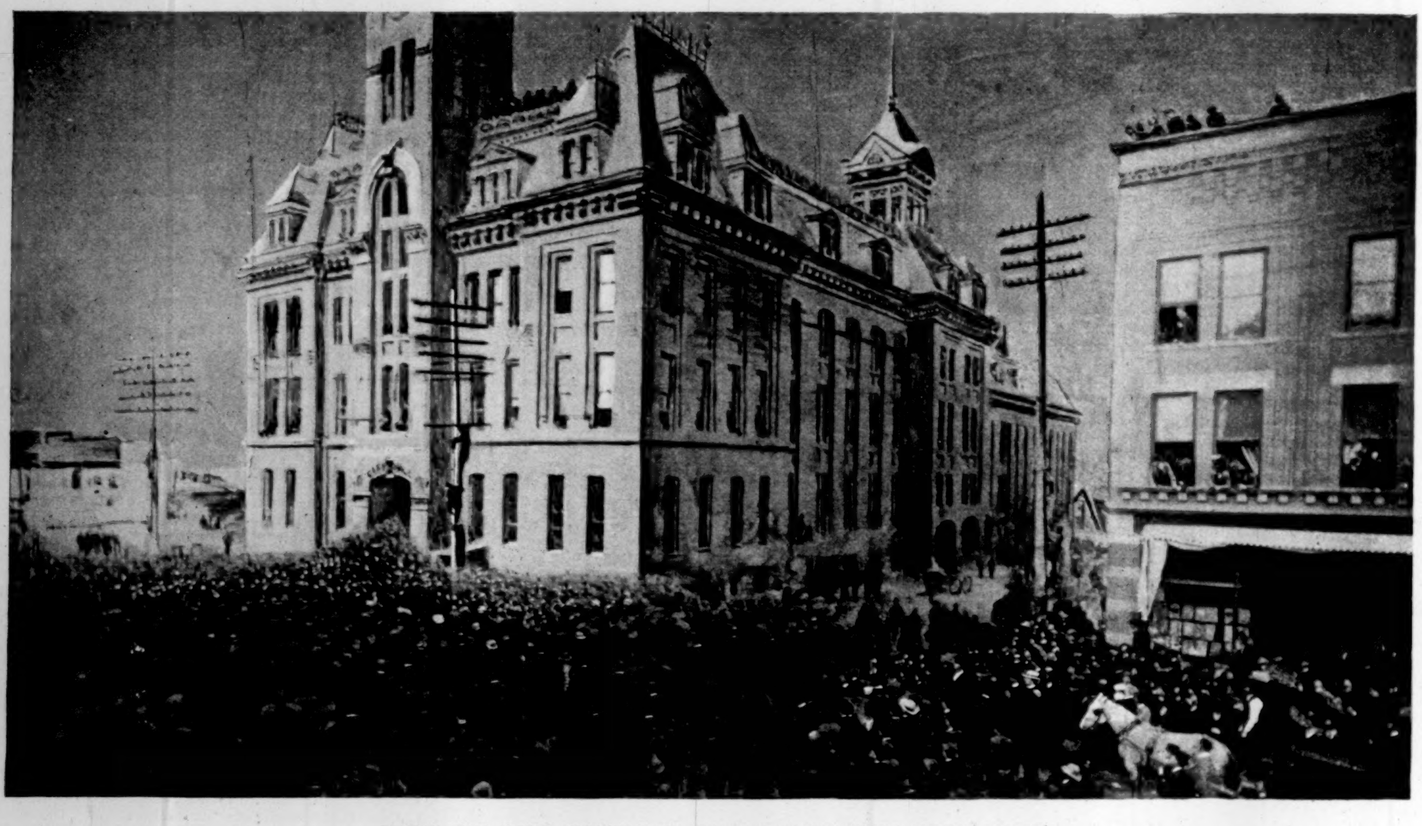
Lamennais once said, "There is something wanting to the noblest life that does not end either on the battle-field, in the dungeon, or on the scaffold." Kossuth's life was a sad illustration of the truth of this striking paradox. In his old age he wrote, "I, with my sons and a few faithful friends, stand alone, forsaken, solitary wanderers in the desert." True, the latter part of his life seemed to bear no fruit; but in history his noble character and impulses will live again, and they will be both a stimulating example and a solace to the most daring patriots of the future.



MILITIA WITH GUNS IN POSITION ON FOURTEENTH STREET.

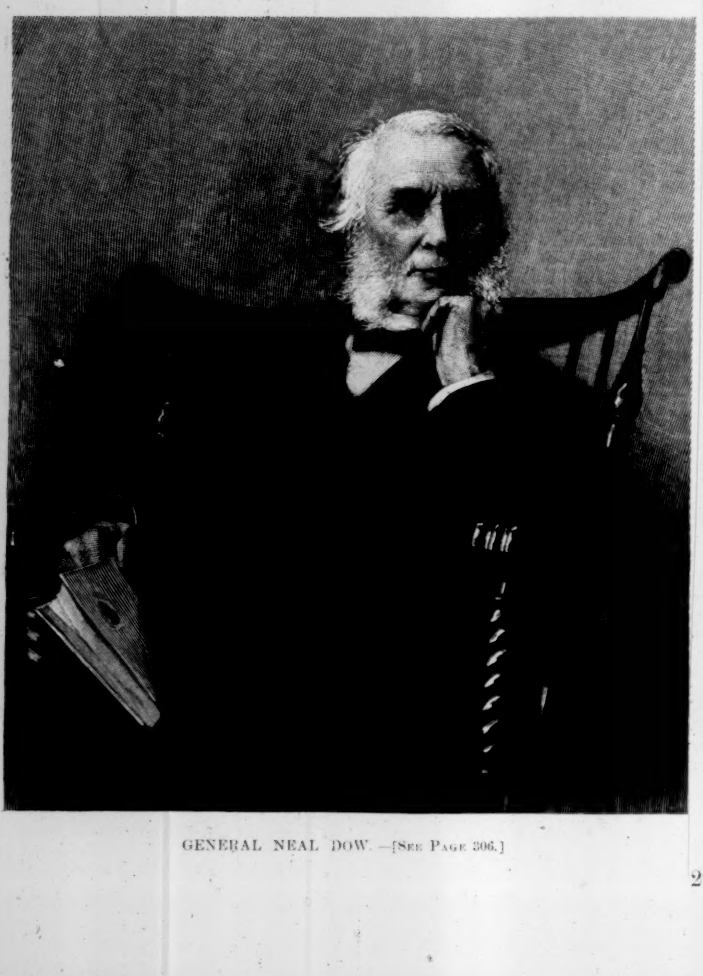


QUARTERS OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS IN DENVER.

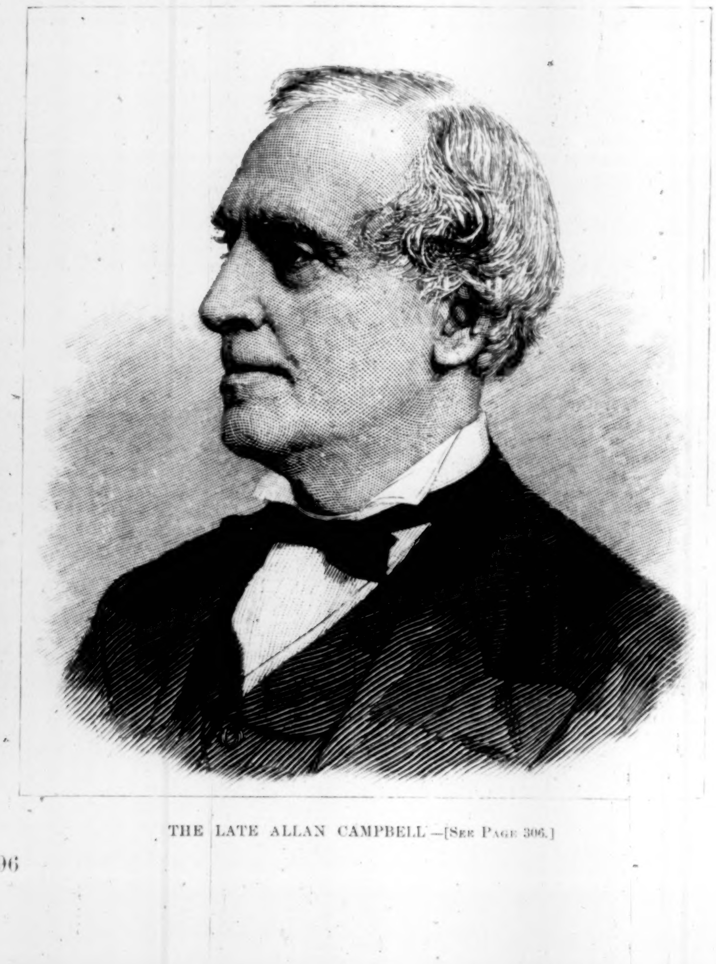


MAYOR VAN HORN ARRIVING AT THE CITY HALL UNDER MILITIA ESCORT.

THE RECENT CONFLICT OF AUTHORITIES IN DENVER.—From Photographs.—[See Page 307.]



GENERAL NEAL DOW.—[See Page 306.]



THE LATE ALLAN CAMPBELL.—[See Page 306.]

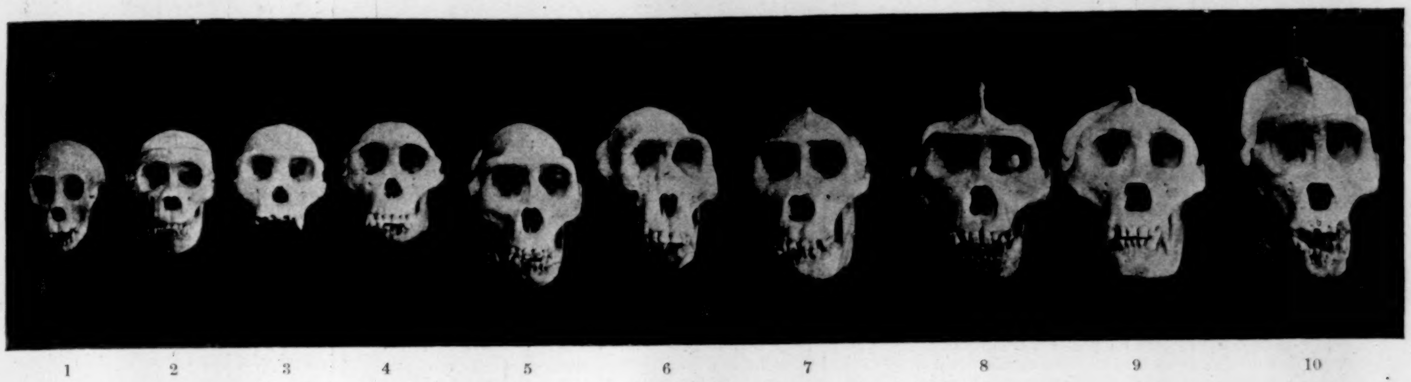

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PLATE I.

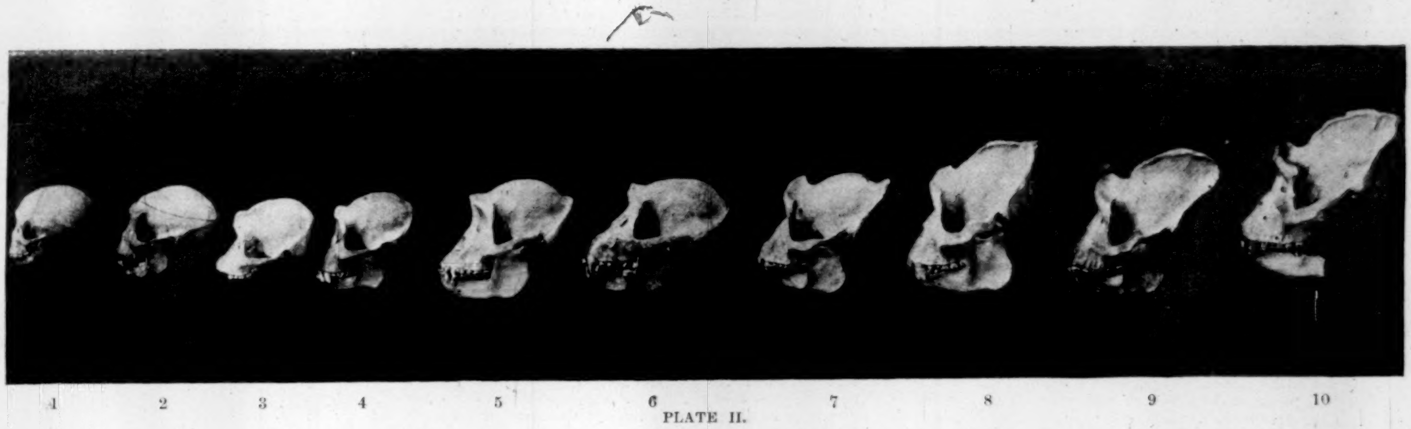
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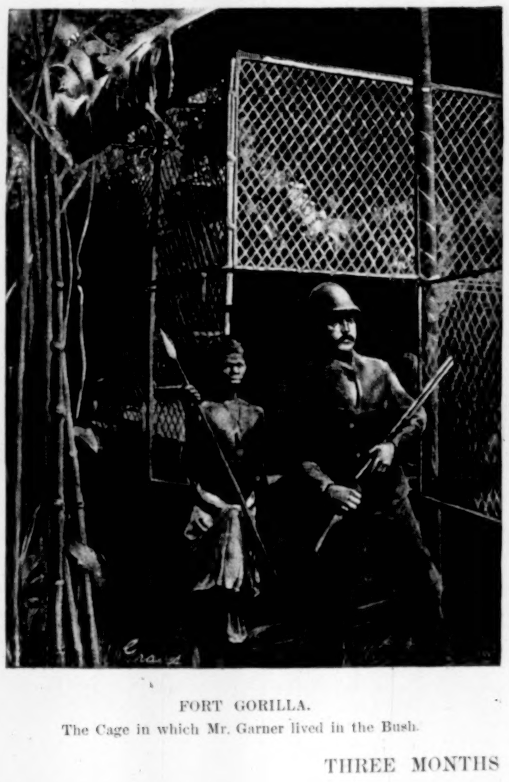
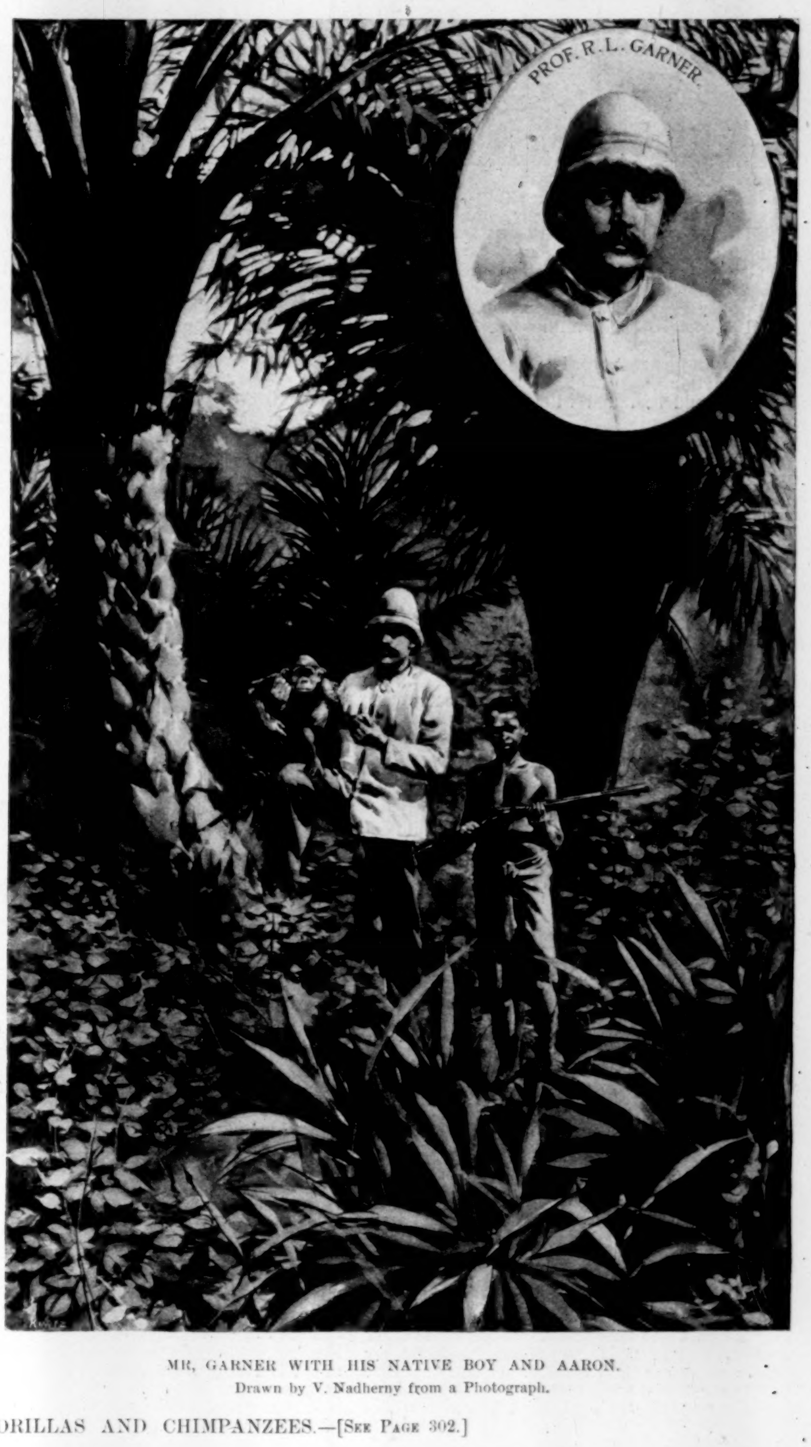
PLATE II.

SKULLS OF GORILLAS AND CHIMPANZEES COLLECTED BY MR. GARNER.

ELISHEBA AND AARON.
Two of Mr. Garner's Chimpanzee Pets.



FORT GORILLA.
The Cage in which Mr. Garner lived in the Bush.


PROF. R. L. GARNER.

MR. GARNER WITH HIS NATIVE BOY AND AARON.
Drawn by V. Nadherny from a Photograph.

THREE MONTHS WITH GORILLAS AND CHIMPANZEES.—[See Page 302.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

It coincides and blends in with the eternal fitness of things that Easter should be the special festival of new clothes. There are no new clothes that so stir and rejoice the heart of man as the new spring clothes. When Earth is fixing herself up, and putting out new colors, and prinking quietly day by day between frosts, and man is watching her progress with that eager sympathy which is so strangely new every year, to have all well-to-do womankind bloom out like one great flower in Easter bonnets and fresh gowns and ravishing wraps and jackets is just the particular stroke of enterprise that fits the season and quickens the already gladdening heart into rapture. Good clothes on pretty women are always delightful, but the Easter clothes have an exhilarating quality that is not in the raiment of the other seasons. They gladden the heart, and even soften it. They do not distract, they intensify. They are the flowers of the cities. The worldling sees them, and his spirit is more attuned to the reigning mood of nature. Pious eyes rest upon them, and rejoicing in their bravery, are the more confident that the Lord has risen. It were a harsh Puritan that would not welcome the new bonnets to church. It is good for them to be there, and if the spiritual interests of the worshippers are not promoted by them, it is the fault of the worshippers and not of the hats.

Since the appearance of Mrs. Waite, on March 15th, at the conference of the Chamber of Commerce delegation at Denver, there has been a clearer understanding than theretofore of the Governor of Colorado's remarkable thirst for blood. Governor Waite, it appears, is not really such a sanguinary magistrate as he has seemed, but having a Lady Macbeth for his consort, he feels that if there must be bloodshed somewhere, it had better be in the streets than in his own house. Since Mrs. Waite has spoken it is evident that when the Governor goes out and climbs upon the rostrum and clamors for gore he is not really the violent person he seems, but merely a harried and puzzled domestic character breaking out at the point of least resistance. He has probably learned that when Mrs. Waite demands blood the easiest and peacefulest path for him is to go out of doors and vociferate for it.

If Mrs. Waite of Colorado and Mrs. Lease of Kansas are fair types of the American female in politics, there will be lively times ahead for the old ship of state when the gentle hand of woman presently closes on her helm.

A contemporary gossip wants some one to invent or discover "some less objectionable word than 'millionaire' to indicate a very rich man."

Before much intellectual energy is expended on this problem evidence should be submitted that the term "millionaire" is objectionable. Who objects to it, and why? Men who have been called millionaires have been known modestly to decry that title on the ground that their possessions did not warrant it, but it is a new idea that the word conveys any disagreeable suggestion, or indeed any suggestion at all except that its bearer is a rich man. Rich men who wish to be thought poor would object to any term that conveyed an imputation of property, and rich men who don't care who knows it would as soon be called millionaires as Crœsi, or Divites, or "abounders."

"Millionaire" is an innocent word enough. It must be the condition, if anything, that is objectionable, and if that is the case, fault would be found with any term that described it.

The new holiday, on the 19th of April, which Massachusetts has substituted for Fast-day, has no name. The motion was made in the Legislature to call it "Massachusetts day," but was withdrawn. The natural name of the day is "Lexington day," but it is possible that that name is objected to because, next to the Fourth of July, the great Revolutionary anniversary in Massachusetts is Bunker Hill day (June 17th), and as that is not a legal State holiday, to set up a "Lexington day" might tend to throw Boston's vaunted fight into the shade.

The several States show much individuality in their choice of holidays. According to the *World's* almanac New-Year's is not a legal holiday in Massachusetts. Among the eight or nine legal holidays in Louisiana is the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans (January 8th), Mardi-gras, Fireman's Anniversary (in New Orleans—March 4th), Good-Friday, and Labor day on November 25th. Lee's birthday (January 19th) is kept in Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia; Lincoln's birthday (February 12th) in Illinois; Jefferson Davis's birthday (June 3d) in Florida. Texas celebrates an Independence day on March 2d, and the battle of San Jacinto on April 21st. North Carolina remembers the Mecklenburg declaration on May 20th; July 24th is Pioneer's day in Utah, and California and Nevada celebrate as Admission days the dates on which they were let into the Union. Perhaps it is as well that Nevada should make sure that her Admission day is respectfully regarded at home at least.

The views of Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, about chimes, as set forth in a letter to the Tubular Bell Company, of Methuen, Massachusetts, are worth quoting. Thanking the bell company for some music issued for bells, the bishop says:

> "But for my own part, and it may be my taste is shared by other Churchmen, I do not like tunes played on bells. Perhaps—once in a while—on the Fourth of July or like gaudy day, when the American spirit of independence asserts itself in abnormal gleefulness, or we revert to a type of civilization more akin to the Chinese, then tunes may be allowed. I acknowledge that I so far share in the universal depravity of taste or American sentiment as to find something enjoyable in hearing the bells thus rung on a few patriotic or festive occasions. But I am not heavenward inspired on Sundays by hearing tunes played on a piano with one finger, and these tunes do much affect me with like comfort.
>
> "Bell music should be like the waving of tree branches, the gladsome laughter of brooks, the singing of the winds. Nature's music is always based on mathematics, but in no miserly or calculating way. Her themes are prolific, simple, hidden like the hunting notes in change ringing."

Bishop Grafton describes himself as an enthusiast about bell-ringing and chimes, but he would not have tunes rung, but changes. The taste for tunes he finds "somewhat vulgar and uneducated," and he hopes to see the American ear trained, as the English ear is, to demand something better. At present it would seem doubtful whether there is a set of chimes anywhere operative in the United States that does not provoke a serious amount of grumbling. Perhaps if American chimes were generally rung as Bishop Grafton would have them there would be less of the alloy of dissatisfaction in the results of their music.

It has been a great season in Washington for Lenten lectures. Mr. Stoddard, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Winslow, and Miss Welsh have been among the performers, and report says that all of them have held forth to crowded rooms. A correspondent scoffingly wonders whether it "has ever dawned upon any one that this is the most primitive and rudimentary way of being amused or instructed." But that is a harsh suggestion. Lectures are not primitive; they are refined and evolutionary. The primitive way of learning is to study a book by the flare of a pine knot. To sit in a comfortable chair among a roomful of your acquaintances and have a qualified person tell you things is as near to the royal road to learning as one can readily come. There can scarcely be an easier way of getting the materials for conversation. It is less trouble than reading a newspaper, and more entertaining than most novels. It is solidarity illuminated with the glamour of instruction.

There will always be people who will fail to see the profit of going out of their way to hear some one talk off what they might read at home in a book. But there will always be other people who can't read a book at home, and to such people all that they can pick up at a lecture is clear gain. To read at home, especially for mothers and busy women, requires method and much persistence, but to go to a lecture is easy. The time of it is definite, the extent of it is limited, and while it lasts one is not at home, and is free from interruptions.

This latter feature of lectures is not to be despised. To be able to sit still for an hour and collect one's thoughts is a luxury that many women covet; and that much they can be sure of, whether the lecturer is truly edifying or not.

The British Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt has been thrown into something like fits by the proposal of the British engineers in Egypt to make a reservoir for irrigating purposes on the Nile at Assouan, which would submerge the celebrated island and temples of Philæ. The engineers are loath to damage the antiquities, but they say that Assouan is a good place for a dam, and that it is worth considering, at least, whether one should not be built there. Their excuse for making such a proposition is the vast benefit to the population of Lower Egypt which must result from an improved and developed system of irrigation, and they suggest that if Assouan seems so much the best place for a lake as to be worth taking, the antiquities at Philæ could be taken down and set up somewhere else.

But to the mind of the Preservation Society such a proposal is flatly sacrilegious. The society feels that even if the population of modern Egypt should perish, it can be renewed at any time in better quality and at small expense, whereas the antiquities are unique and inimitable, and irreparable if once damaged.

There is very little American money invested in Egypt, and sympathy on this side of the water will be likely to be with the Preservation Society. The modern Egyptian is extremely poor, but the impression prevails that he has no adequate realization of his own poverty, and never will have unless the British bondholder brings it home to him. If he wore more clothes the Nile-navigating American would find him less picturesque, and if he and his country became actually prosperous there would be one less region that is fit to give the tired Chicago man rest and a complete change.

But the views of Americans are not likely to have much influence on the future of Egypt, and intending travellers who wish to see Philæ as it is will do well perhaps to make some haste and view it while they may.

So far as appears from the somewhat animated correspondence between the Secretary of the Treasury and President Burnham, of the American Institute of Architects, the Tarsney law, which directed that government buildings should hereafter be erected from designs obtained in open competition among architects, has no present prospect of being enforced. An immediate result of this miscarriage is that the city of Buffalo is confronted with the prospect of seeing its new and very costly Federal building erected from designs which a committee of competent architects have pronounced to be "absolutely wanting in the fundamental elements which go to make a public building." As a rule, the majority of the citizens of a town which is threatened with one of Uncle Sam's structures care less whether the impending mass possesses the fundamental elements of a good building than whether a local builder gets the job of putting it up. Nevertheless, with a Buffalo man in the White House, and another in the cabinet, it is possible that if there is any local opposition to a bad Federal building in Buffalo, it may succeed in making its existence felt. On the whole, if there had to be an altercation over the operation of the Tarsney law, it may be in the nature of a special providence that an important Buffalo building should be the one immediately involved.

The spring is wonderfully early, but it is no sooner than supervisor Robert Cook, of the Yale navy, who, report says, transpired at New Haven a fortnight ago, viewed the candidates for this year's Yale crew, sorted out a barge-load of them, and watched them perform on the water. The habitual rumor of the utter hopelessness of Yale's boating prospects for the coming season has not yet appeared in print, but if an enterprising kodak artist should visit Philadelphia, he would probably find little difficulty in getting a good exposure of Mr. Cook weeping in secret over the probability of Yale's defeat.

E. S. Martin.

APRIL-FOOLS DAY,

AND SOME OF ITS ANCIENT TRADITIONS.

> "Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."
> —*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

April-Fooling is the most asinine of all the performances of silly man; and its prosperity lies in the conduct of him who makes it, never in the action of him who is made its victim. It is said to be as ancient as the hills before the Deluge, and to go back even to Parnassus, when sportive nymphs, though old as ages, were ever young and gay. Its origin is one of the most obscure of popular traditions, and the antiquaries have never succeeded in accounting for it in anything like a satisfactory way. Hone and Chambers content themselves with the citation of examples of April-Fooling, but they do not attempt to explain how the custom arose, and very little information is to be gathered from other sources.

It is recorded in the mythologies, however, that Proserpina was playing in the Nysian meadows at the beginning of April, and had succeeded in filling her lap with wild daffodils, when Pluto picked her up, daffodils and all, and transported her to his own particular regions. Ceres, her mother, heard the echo of her scream, and immediately set out in search of her—a search which proved a Fool's errand; and those who have followed her during all these ages, upon similar quests, are said to be looking for the shadow of a sound!

Whitaker's Almanack for 1870 quotes the following extract from the *Public Advertiser* of April 13, 1779:

"Humorous Jewish Origin of the Custom of Making Fools on the First of April. This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews which answers to the First of April [with us]; and it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch. The custom appears to be of great antiquity, and to have been derived by the Romans from some of the Eastern nations."

Another hypothesis, but not a very lucid one, is to the effect that the origin of sending persons on Fools' errands refers to the mockery of the Messiah, about the beginning of the month of April, as we now count time.

A writer in *Notes and Queries*, some twenty years ago, affirmed that the habit originated in Whitby, where the patients in the Insane Asylum had a holiday on the 1st of April, and the idiots who had never been incarcerated found amusement in sending them upon ridiculous journeys. The 1st of April throughout all Britain in ancient times was observed as a high and general festival, during which unbounded hilarity reigned among all classes of persons; and, according to Mr. Maurice, of all the remarkable traits of jocundity which were then observed not the least remarkable or ludicrous is that relic of pristine pleasantry—the general practice of making April Fools. This pristine pleasantry seems to have been very general during the last century. Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, March 31, 1713, tells how he and Dr Arbuthnot spent an amusing evening in "contriving a lie for to morrow," by which they sent their servants to the Black Swan Inn, in Holborn, to see the resurrected body of a certain popular felon who was hanged a few days before. And the *Spectator* tells how "a neighbor of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred Fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago for sending every one of her children upon a sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-penny's worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half a mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April Fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him."

It is a little consoling, in view of all this jocularity, to read that a French lady, who stole a watch from a friend's house as an April joke, and who sent the police all over the town to look for it, still as an April joke, was committed to prison until the next 1st of April—an April joke which she could hardly have enjoyed herself.

The Fool's-day custom was by no means confined to the English, or to the English-speaking people, however. The Romans had their *Festum Stultorum;* the Hindoos, on the Brahman festival of spring, we are told, diverted themselves and their friends by sending persons on expeditions which were to end in disappointment, and to raise a laugh at the expense of the messenger; and a learned Italian gentleman, whose work I cannot find in this country, unfortunately, is credited with having discovered April-Fooling in fourteen nationalities and fourteen languages.

Fools are not always such Fools as they look. Samson made sport for the Philistines, David feigned himself foolish at the court of Achish, and Patroclus and Thersites, according to Shakspere, performed the parts of mimics for the entertainment of Achilles and Ajax.

A complete list of the Fools of history would fill volumes of instructive reading matter; and among these the Professional Fools would be found to be the wisest men. King's Jesters usually knew more than the monarchs they were employed to amuse, and, as Dumas has shown us, Chicot was one of the most brilliant and thoroughly sensible men in the court of the Third Henry of France.

The Professional Fool is to be found figuring in the annals of very early times. Martial is said to have bought a Fool once who had as much sense as other people, upon discovering which the purchaser tried to get his money back; and it is asserted that slaves among the Romans in Martial's day, and long before it, pretended to be simpletons in order to increase their own market value.

Montaigne quoted Seneca as writing to Lucilius, "You know that Harpaste, my wife's Fool, lives upon me as an hereditary charge; for as to my own taste I have an aversion to these monsters; and if I have a mind to laugh at a Fool I need not seek him far—I can laugh at myself!" This particular Fool of whom Seneca wrote was a lady's Fool, and, it would seem, a woman; and there are other instances of her sex playing the Fool for profit, and playing it well. Mlle. Levin was the Fool of the Queen of Navarre, La Jardinière and Jacquette were the Fools of Catherine de Medicis—Mary Stuart appears to have carried the former with her to Scotland—Mathurine was the Court Fool to Henry IV. of France, and "Jane the Foole"—who once had her "hedde shaved"—was in the service of the Princess, afterwards Queen, Mary of England. This Jane The Fool figures in Ainsworth's *Tower of London.*

Dr. Doran, in a supplementary chapter to *The History of Court Fools*, says that the female jester not only had precedence of her brother in the art, in point of date of origin, but that she still survives him in the person of the lady who is Court Fool to the Sultan of Turkey; and he makes the startling suggestion that Will Shakspere might once have been engaged in this business. Nothing is known of the life of Shakspere between 1585 and 1589, and no one has discovered the identity of "Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player," who carried a letter from Sir Philip Sidney, in Utrecht, to Walsingham, in London, in 1586. The Immortal as a Court Fool would make even April-Fooling respectable.

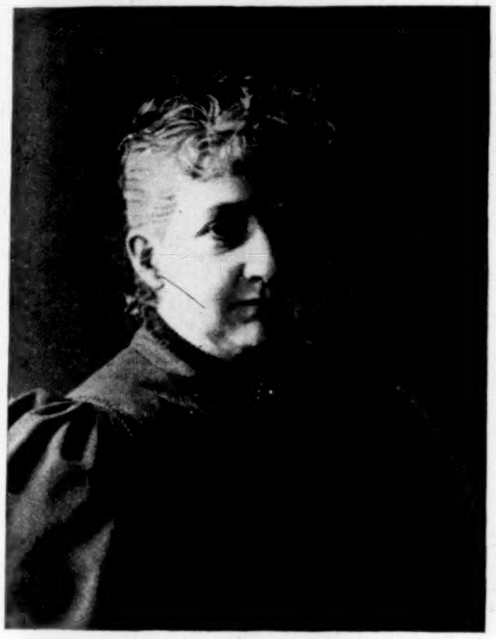
The world has been full of Fools from April to March since the beginning of history. Adam was the first Fool, and every descendant of Adam on the earth to-day is the last. There are innocent Fools and malicious Fools, damned Fools, and simple, plain, ordinary, every-day, common Fools. Given any two persons, in any community, and in any walk of life, and one of them will pine to be a Fool—usually both! The cleverest man makes a Fool of himself about once a day; but he is more clever than other Fools because, like Seneca, he is wise enough to realize what a Fool he is. And the Fool who is Fool enough not to know that he is a Fool, is the worst Fool of all!

Laurence Hutton.

THE REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST,
At the Age of Sixteen.

THERE is hardly a man in the United States whose name has, for the past two years, been so frequently on the lips of so many people as has that of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of the city of New York, and there are very few whose name has been more fiercely cursed or spoken with more sincere respect and admiration than his. The chief element in this contradictory fame has been the attack which Dr. Parkhurst began in his own pulpit, and in various ways followed up, on the authorities of the city of New York for the immunity permitted to what is known as the "social evil"—in plain English, to the trade of prostitution. This immunity has not been generally regarded as gratuitous. Dr. Parkhurst certainly has not so treated it. On the contrary, he has dwelt on the long array of obvious facts which makes the inference inevitable that in reality, though not with the sanction of the law, the great city of New York possesses, with all its evils and none of its advantages, the régime of licensed prostitution. He has brought before the public and before the prosecuting officers, the juries of inquest, the courts, and the Police Commissioners, a great mass of evidence to prove that the houses of evil resort in this city, forbidden by law, are permitted to exist, and their highly lucrative business to be carried on, in return for the payment of money.



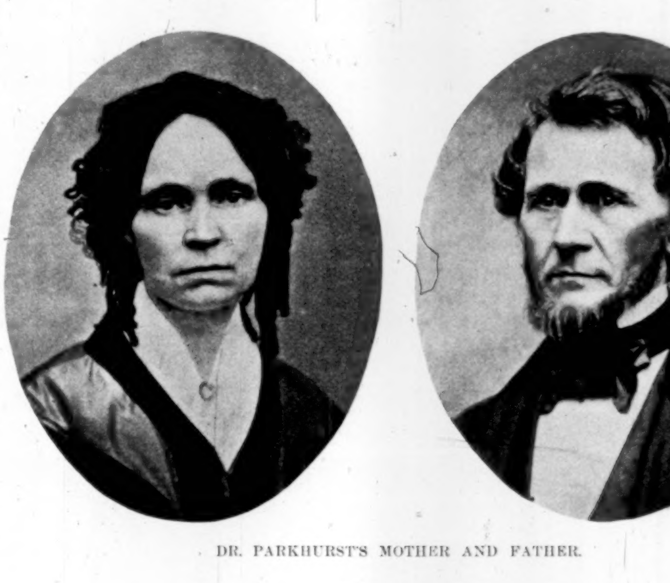
MRS. PARKHURST.

This certainly has not been the only field in which Dr. Parkhurst's labors have been carried on. On the contrary, his attention was first aroused by the evidence that illegal liquor traffic was permitted in New York on a very large scale, that gambling was likewise allowed in numerous unknown places, and that these things were a source rather of revenue than of anxiety to those whose duty it was to suppress them. It was while engaged in inquiring into these evils that he encountered evidence of the other—struck the trail, so to speak, of the noxious system which he has since hunted with such persistence. It is safe to say, however, that he might have exposed the existence of gambling and of Sunday liquor-selling with entire success, and with all his vigor, directness, and popular effectiveness, and he would have been counted as one of the many clergymen who have done good work in practical directions. Not one in a hundred of those who now praise or hate him would have known his name, or, knowing it, they would have forgotten it, so lightly do the evils of drunkenness and gambling lie in the popular mind, occupied with other and more urgent things, and so numerous, on the other hand, are those who have more or less actively struggled against them. But when Dr. Parkhurst, with what his enemies call a thirst for notoriety, what his sympathetic critics call bad judgment or bad taste, what his friends call courage, and what he regards as simple obedience to conscience, undertook to expose the relations of this other and subtle evil to the city and the city government, all eyes were instantly riveted upon him, and all tongues were busy with his doings. For here was a matter which most men and many women know about, which the fathers and mothers of families feel to be the most insidious and mischievous danger to family life, but which by common consent, by the instinctive and cultivated reserve of the English-speaking people, is not spoken of—is, so far as possible, ignored in public discussion, in the press, in the courts, and in the pulpit. Dr. Parkhurst, breaking through this reserve, and touching with a strong hand the underlying sentiment, good or bad, which the matter evokes, straightway drew the attention of the public, not only in this city, but throughout the land, and even across the seas.

It is interesting to note what manner of man it is who has appeared so suddenly, and held the public gaze so steadily. He was born fifty-two years ago in Framingham, Massachusetts. He entered Amherst College rather late in 1862, and graduated in 1866, at the age of twenty-four. In college he was simply a pretty hard working student, with a fondness for comparative philology and metaphysics. In 1867 he took charge of the Amherst High-School, where he remained two years. Then he spent a year in Germany, at the University of Halle, and returned to take the chair of Greek and Latin in Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Massachusetts. While there he consulted President Seelye of Amherst as to his future course. "Preach," said the president; "it will do you good, if not others." There seems to have been no early or strong predilection for the ministry in Dr. Parkhurst's mind, but the suggestion of his old friend and master must have opened up an unsuspected sense of vocation, for, after due reflection, it was accepted. In 1874 the young minister, then thirty-two years of age, accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at the lovely town of Lenox, nestled among the Berkshire hills. He remained there six years, when in 1880 he was called to the Madison Square church, where one of the largest and strongest societies of the city awaited him.

It was a wide field. The pastor was in the prime of his manhood. He was not a city man, nor what may be called either a learned theologian or a trained preacher or pastor. He had entered the ministry later than most, from pursuits which, though not antipathetic, could hardly be regarded as necessarily strengthening him for his task. It was soon evident that he depended very little on the conventional resources of his calling, and that his theology was of the applied, not the theoretic, kind. He doubtless accepted the cardinal doctrines of his Church, and he has, so far as is known, never incurred any accusation of heresy, though his utterances have often enough been novel if not heretical. His chief concern has been frankly with the actual lives of his people, that the influence of the church upon them might tend to make them manly and womanly, pure, upright, beneficent, courageous, and in all things wholesome. His sermons were found to be in no sense disquisitions or essays, much less polemic arguments. They were, and are, the plain, straightforward, earnest, convinced, and convincing talks of a man of high purpose and great intelligence to his fellows on the daily problems of right life. His manner of delivery is in harmony with the purpose he has in view. His voice is clear and strong, and "carries well," but neither very musical nor resonant. His enunciation is plain but rapid; his gestures are few and natural. There is no trace of rhetoric in his style. He rarely employs metaphor, though he is fond of illustrations. His literary taste is sound, but not over-refined, and though he is a widely read man, his sermons have no smell of the lamp. He has a lively but not a poetic or very fertile imagination, and while it is a ready aid to his discourse, it is never allowed to conceal, and is rarely used to adorn, the direct and urgent thought that he has in mind.

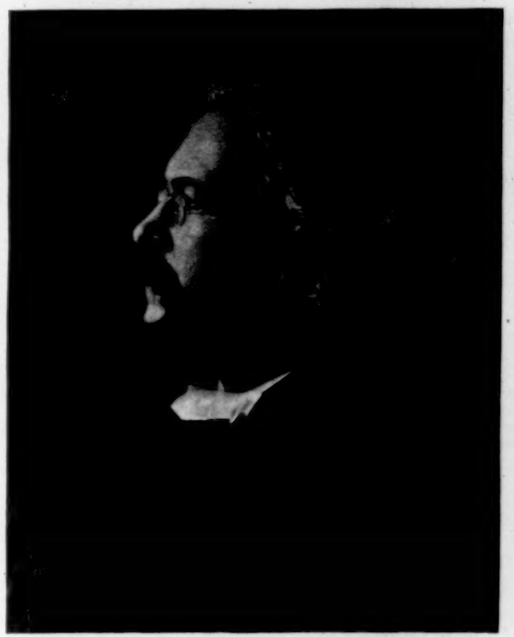
The pulpit is not the only, it is hardly the chief, field of Dr. Parkhurst's activity, though it is a very important one. Years before he came into prominence as a social reformer he preached twice on Sundays to very large audiences, and it was early made the rule that at the evening services the pew-holders must arrive early to secure seats. Gradually, and with some reluctance, they came to yielding their places to outsiders, so that the doctor nearly doubled his number of hearers, and was practically enabled to limit himself to the preparation of one sermon a week. As the attendance grew, and the financial resources of the society were ample, and especially as the value of its real estate rapidly advanced, there was the usual desire to move up town, along with the tide of the class to which the members of the church belong. Dr. Parkhurst would yield only on one condition—that he should continue to have a church in the old neighborhood. The explanation is simple. The doctor feels that his work is with those who can more readily find him where he now is. That is, within short rifle-range of the east side—the great teeming tenement-house district, and within easy reach of a large population above that of this region, but not as well-to-do as those of the uptown quarters. From which it will be seen that Dr. Parkhurst does not rate success by the dignity and beauty of the temple, or the wealth and standing of the worshippers, though there is no affectation of contempt for temporal blessings. Wherever there is the daily struggle of ordinary human life, with its temptations and difficulties and trials, its opportunities and its needs, to which the strength and uplifting of the Gospel may be brought, he desires with all his might, and with no unnecessary deductions, to bring it. His society is very active in the work of charity, education, and missionary effort of the more fruitful sort. It was among the first, if not the first, to take up the idea of club life for the boys and girls of the poorer districts on the east side. In every effort of this kind Dr. Parkhurst himself always takes a leading part, and he has a rare faculty for enlisting the sympathy and the energetic co-operation of others—which is half the battle.



DR. PARKHURST'S MOTHER AND FATHER.

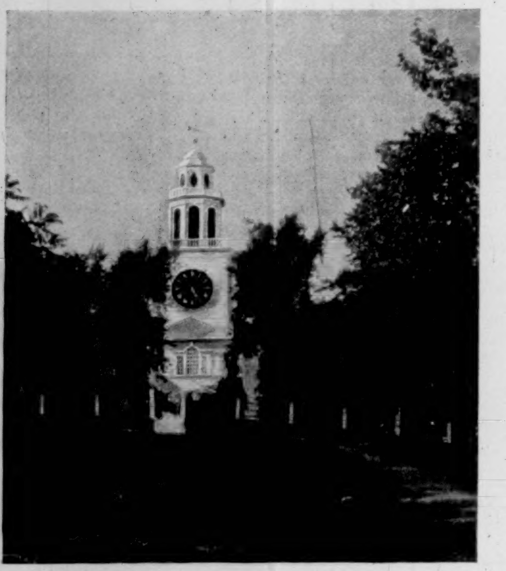
In person Dr. Parkhurst is of medium height and weight, squarely and solidly though not heavily built, of a strong constitution, and a vigorous habit. His face is interesting and intelligent, but not particularly intellectual. His eyes are dark and bright, with a clear, penetrating, candid, and sympathetic expression. It is about his lips and the lower jaw that one sees the indications of his great firmness and a certain aggressiveness, though this is tempered by a curiously engaging smile, and by the manly modesty and simplicity of his bearing. He is by nature social, and up to the time that he assumed the task in which he is now engaged his pastoral functions were very delightful, both to him and his congregation. Of late he has been obliged almost wholly to suspend them.

There is one feature of Dr. Parkhurst's life which perhaps explains some of the more noteworthy traits of his work as a minister of the church militant. He is an ardent mountain-climber. He has fortunately been so situated, so far as money goes—and it goes far, even with clergymen—that for years he has been able to spend his vacations abroad, and he has chosen by preference the lake regions of the Swiss Alps. Each year he has tried to make the ascent of some important mountain, and so far he has met with no failures, and no serious accident. He does not, as old Froissart said of the English, take his pleasure sadly. On the contrary, it is the one crowning exhilaration of the year, to be looked forward to and back upon with the keenest zest. But he goes about it in earnest, and with the utmost system. He is not a hare-brained climber, and takes no unnecessary risks. He knows his guides, whom he selects with care, and between him and them there is the closest tie of mutual respect and confidence. Having taken them, he obeys them loyally, acknowledging their responsibility and recognizing their authority. Each year also he goes into a preliminary training, that he may execute his task, when he finally assumes it, with safety and with proper equipment. It is interesting to trace in this occupation of vacation days—which is not a pastime, but in the literal sense a recreation—the qualities that have made Dr. Parkhurst so well known. Courage, of course, it demands. The Matterhorn is not scaled by a person, or parson, of flabby nerve any more than by one of flabby muscle. But with courage must go a cool head, a resolute will, and that indefinable faculty for making the best of things, be they good or ill, which is the prime condition of successful climbing of mountains or other difficult heights. It is significant, too, that this quiet clergyman, whose daily life for years has necessarily been of the most regular sort, suggesting relaxation in the study rather than sustained and trying exertion in the open air, has felt the steady desire for the mountains, and has found in them the refreshment that inspired him for the toil of the rest of the year. It is clearly a healthy temperament, and one which enables him to meet the worrying assaults of his present horde of enemies with equanimity. In fact, equanimity, the virtue of the ancient stoics, the *æquus animus* that faces the joys and the trials of life with the same calmness, is a distinguishing characteristic of this aggressive and busy man. He has, as has been noted, been accused of sensationalism and of a craving for notoriety, but nothing is farther from his actual spirit. Those who have known him ever since he came to New York, who were his hearers and his fellow-workers in the relatively tranquil period before he took up



From a photograph by Langill.

THE REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.



CHURCH AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS,
Where Dr. Parkhurst preached from 1874 to 1880.

his present work, and are still with him, will bear witness that a more genuine and less self-seeking pastor is not to be found in any pulpit in New York. He is very unconventional in many ways. That is only to say that in him the impulse to action is stronger and more tenacious than the consciousness of how his action will strike others, and particularly of how it will affect himself. It is not, whatever else it may be, a sign of weakness.

Some six months before the death of the late Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. Parkhurst was invited by that gentleman to become a director of the Society for the Suppression of Crime, and accepted. He became greatly interested, and on the death of Dr. Crosby he was chosen president of the society. As has already been indicated, it was in the prosecution of the work of the society that he first struck the trail of later and more conspicuous work. His attention was directed to the violations of the law as to the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, and of the laws against gambling. A thorough investigation, with such means as the society could command, was made. It was necessarily not exhaustive, for to that only the power and the authority of the police would have been adequate. But it was quite sufficient to establish specifically the general and habitual violation of the laws. With these proofs in his possession Dr. Parkhurst proceeded to study the situation—the causes, the operation, and the remedy of this state of things. He examined the law, to determine the duty and the authority of the police and the legal authorities of the city. He took careful counsel of men who were in a position to correct any errors into which he might fall. He reached the conclusion that the laws were habitually, generally, systematically, and constantly violated, primarily because the officials whose duty it was to enforce them wilfully omitted to use the power intrusted to them. The inference followed that these officials found it easier and more profitable to neglect their duties than to perform them. From this inference the next step was direct, and to a man of Dr. Parkhurst's temper and character inevitable. He set about reversing the conditions. He determined, so far as it was in his power, to make it more difficult and less profitable for officials to neglect their duty than to perform it.

Obviously here was no easy task. Possibly—and he did not conceal from himself that fact—the task might be entirely hopeless. New York city is a democracy worked by universal male adult suffrage. In theory its government is representative. The men who compose it are chosen by the majority, or at least the plurality, of the citizens who care to vote. If they actually represent the community, then the community is content that they shall neglect their duty, and so long as the community remains content there will be no serious change. Dr. Parkhurst started on the assumption that these men are not really representative, that the community would not be content with them if their actual character were understood. In short, he proceeded to appeal to public opinion, and he began by informing and educating public opinion. He took his facts into his pulpit. He described in plain language that no one could fail to understand exactly the nature and approximately the extent of the evils he had found to exist. He did not stop with Sunday liquor-selling and gambling. He told what the investigations of his society had disclosed as to the trade in sensuality, and he pointed out his reasons for believing—what probably every man who heard him had long believed—that these unlawful and demoralizing or vile occupations were carried on with the knowledge and consent and to the profit of those whose duty it was to suppress them.

Instantly it was apparent that he had carried his first point. He had gained the public ear. That was plain from the effect on the officials themselves. He was denounced as a sensation-monger. He was told to stick to the religion of Christ, and not meddle with politics. He was criticised as indecent by men who found the existence of the things he described much less shocking than the mention of them. There was a loud demand that he be indicted by the Grand Jury for criminal libel. That was not done, of course. Nothing would better have served his purpose, or been more dangerous for those he assailed. His next step was even bolder. Knowing that the testimony of the detectives on whom his society necessarily relied would be criticised as insufficient and possibly venal, Dr. Parkhurst, in company with one of his friends, a lawyer, and a detective, made a visit in person to a house where he witnessed an exhibition of the grossest and most extreme indecency. To this he bore testimony in his own pulpit to his own people, explaining his motives, and what he expected to gain for the cause in which he was engaged. For this he incurred unmeasured denunciation in many of the journals; and it must be admitted that in the class where he found sympathy with his general aims, and even entire credit for good intention in this particular procedure, he also encountered very severe criticism. But his people stood by him. Those who knew him best, and knew also most fully and directly what he had done and why he had done it, and who had a great stake in his reputation, were unaffected by the adverse criticism. It is sufficient in this place to note the fact, and also that the course of Dr. Parkhurst was carefully considered and deliberately followed. It has not been regretted by him. It only remains, then, to point out as nearly as possible what he has accomplished, and how far he has succeeded in the direction that he has chosen.

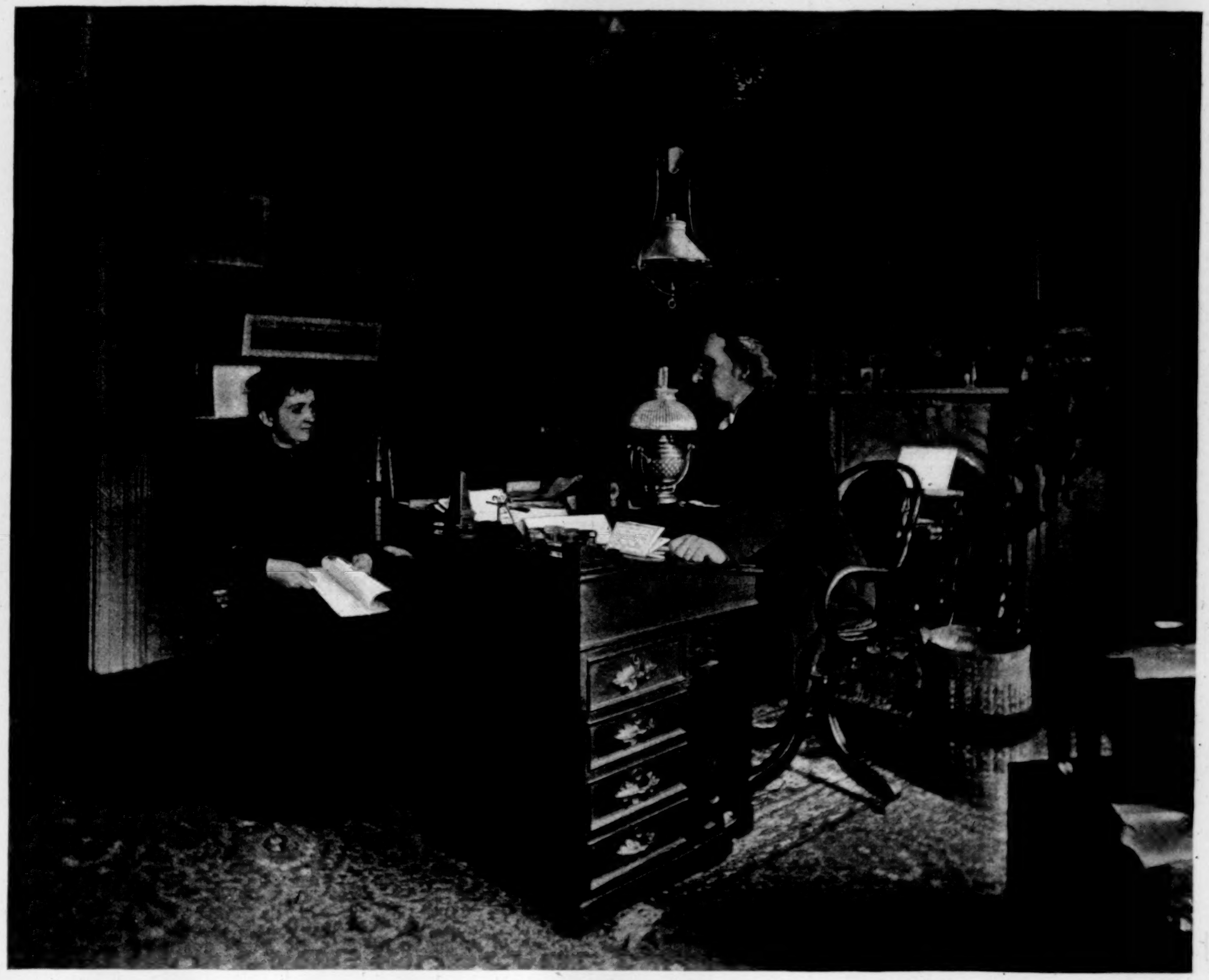
What he designed must be kept carefully in mind. It has been often said that he set out to abolish the social evil in New York. Undoubtedly he would be glad, as would any decent man, to do that, but he has never professed to undertake the task. His aim was at a much nearer object. He set out to do what he could to expose and abolish the connivance of the authorities with the violations of the law. It cannot be said—he would be the last to say—that he has abolished that crying scandal. Does any well-informed man doubt that he has very thoroughly exposed it? Does any such man deny that what was before a vague opinion is now a well-defined conviction as to the real attitude of the authorities? Again the testimony of the conduct of the authorities themselves may be taken. They began by threatening an indictment for criminal libel which they never undertook. Then they proceeded to discredit the society of which Dr. Parkhurst is president by the indictment and trial of one of its detectives for levying blackmail upon the keeper of a house of ill fame. They only succeeded in convincing the public that if the police and the District Attorney's office and the courts could be used with the same energy in the prosecution of keepers of such houses as they were in this case against the detective, the trade would straightway become far less lucrative to both the offenders and those who "protect" them. Finally, it must be recorded that within the past year one after another of the police captains in precincts of notorious bad character has felt the pressure of the movement led by Dr. Parkhurst. They have been shifted from post to post. One of them has been subjected to a jury trial, which failed, but which left the public mind more impressed with the intricacy of legal procedure than with the efficiency of the police. Several of them have been brought to trial before the Police Commissioners for failing to detect and break up offensive and illegal places complained of by the society. Two of them have been found guilty, and neither the acquittal of the others nor the ludicrous penalty to which these were sentenced has failed to be interpreted by the public adversely to the whole police system. In the mean time it has been demonstrated beyond all doubt that the police can substantially put a stop to open violations of the law, for it has been done, and done very thoroughly, and for the present very completely. How long this will last is not the question. The immediate object of Dr. Parkhurst was to establish the wilful neglect of the authorities, and he has done it.

THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
Where Dr. Parkhurst preaches now.

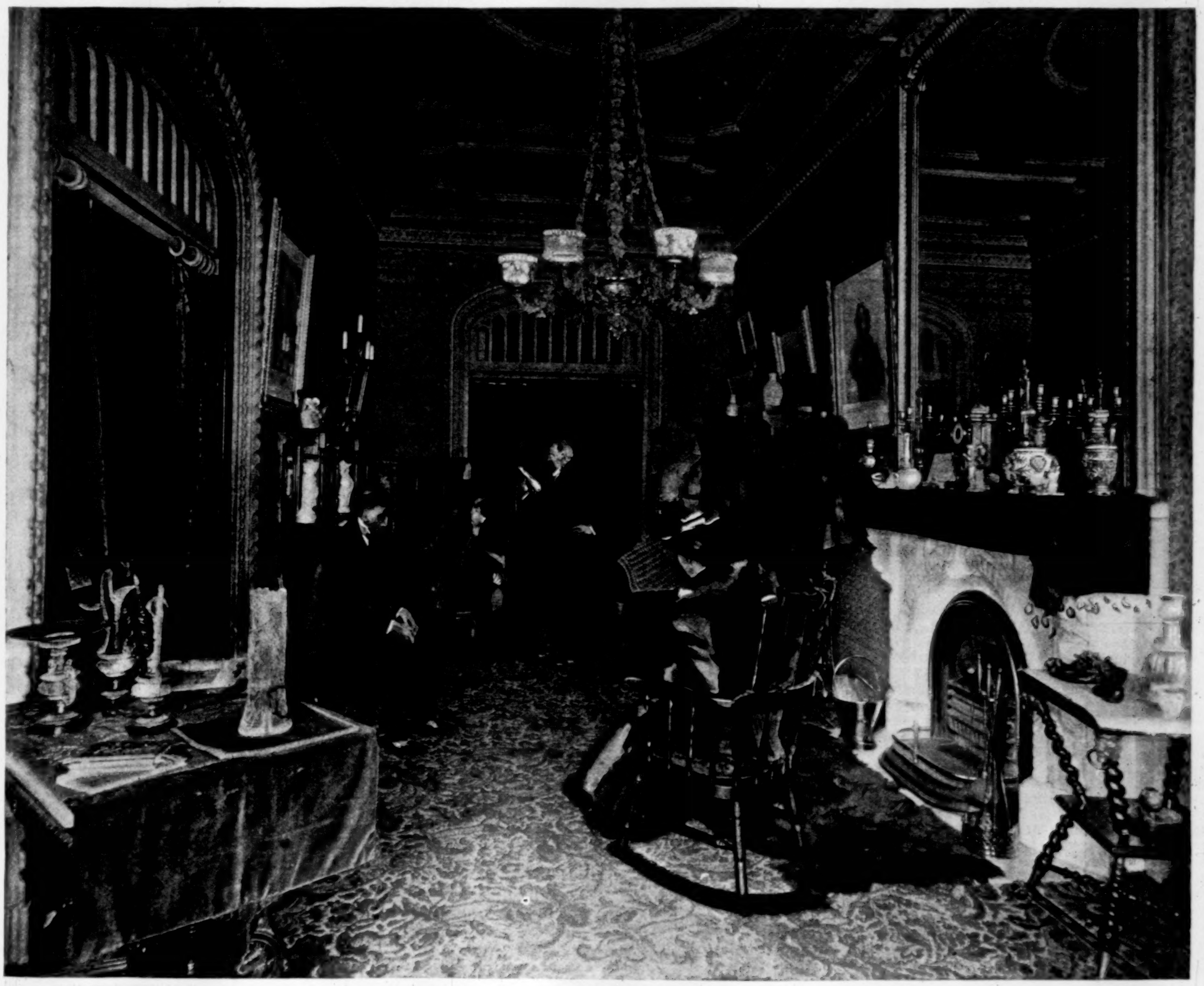
Again, there has been appointed a committee of the State Senate to investigate the government of the city of New York, and particularly the police. After much discussion and negotiation, in which Dr. Parkhurst and his friends and allies have insisted on a thorough and impartial inquiry, Dr. Parkhurst announces that he believes that such an inquiry will be made. It will be put under the guidance of Mr. Goff, late Assistant District Attorney, as counsel, and he will be left free to pursue such lines as he deems best, with the assistance of such other counsel as he shall desire to select. Such an announcement proves two things—that Dr. Parkhurst seeks the truth only, and that public opinion is so aroused that at least a vigorous effort to get at the truth will be permitted. If one cares to look back over the past two years to recall the situation as it was on the Sunday morning when Dr. Parkhurst from his pulpit made his first formal arraignment of the authorities of the city, and to trace the course of events indicating the changing condition of public opinion, one cannot well deny that much, very much, has been attained, and that more is reasonably to be expected. That is a review which Dr. Parkhurst himself may make with some satisfaction. During that period he has passed through many trying experiences. The whole tenor of his life has changed. Occupations that gave him comfort and peace have been perforce abandoned. The hatred of the evil class, by which he has been decorated, has pursued him in many ways which a man of less resolute temper or more personal vanity might well shrink from. His family life has been broken up. His time has been absorbed. His privacy has been largely destroyed. The tranquil and delightful joys of the student and the pastor have been banished. Care, anxiety, responsibility, and unceasing labor have been his daily part in life, and have left their mark on the face which two years ago was that of a young man. But so far is his spirit from being broken, or his faith in the goodness of God weakened, that he is to-day more hopeful than ever, and justly so. Despite all the mingled misunderstanding and spite to which he has been subjected, he must feel not only that he has been true to his own conception of duty, but that he has done much for the cause of pure and decent government in the city of New York, and that his work as well as his aim is recognized throughout the country.

What will be the final outcome? That is the question that naturally suggests itself in reviewing such an effort by such a man. It is one that cannot even be discussed in this place, much less adequately answered. But it is but just to Dr. Parkhurst to call attention to two facts—one, that nothing in his own utterances excuses the assertion so often made that he is a visionary, expecting to do away in a day with the evil against which good men have struggled in every generation of clearly recorded history; the second, that what movement can be detected as the result of his efforts has been clearly in the direction of improvement. If he may be said to have made two blades of the sweet grass of hope to grow where but one grew before, who shall say that his work has been in vain?

INTERIOR OF THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



DR. PARKHURST CONFERRING WITH MRS. PARKHURST IN HIS STUDY.



DR. PARKHURST RECEIVING CALLERS IN HIS PARLOR.

GORILLAS AND CHIMPANZEES.*

BY R. L. GARNER.

IN giving an account of the gorilla as I have seen him in his native jungle, I must controvert some of the stories that have been told of him. I do so with reluctance, however, because I am aware that most men are loath to resign opinions which have long been held as orthodox, and hence I shall do as little violence as possible to the faith of those who have their fixed ideals; but I shall not evade the duty which devolves upon me to supply in part a new version of the life and habits of this wonderful creature.

I do not mean to ignore or undervalue what other persons have observed concerning him, nor to impugn the veracity of any one; but I must claim the right of being heard, because my evidence is direct, and acquired from the best source from which it is possible to obtain it.

It is well known to most of my readers that I went into the heart of the wildest bush in West Africa, and there erected a steel cage, in which I lived day and night for more than three months, much of this time quite alone. It is only in such deep solitudes that this giant ape resides; but there he reigns sole monarch, and no denizen of that wild domain disputes his royal sway. It was there that I saw him in a state of nature. Being unaware of my presence, he was free to act without restraint, necessity, or fear. To study him under such conditions one must take up his abode amid the dangers that infest the haunts of the ferocious brute, and to do so it is wise to seek some shelter from his fierce attack, for even a Nimrod could not stand unawed and calmly gaze on one of those huge beasts approaching him. I have never known a man who would not feel a tremor of fear at meeting such a foe; but my cage lessened in a degree the dangers that lurked around me, and made it possible for me to study nature as it was; though in that frail fortress the close approach of one of those grim monsters might well chill the blood of any man and make a demon shudder.

Many people have thought it foolhardy of me to take the desperate chances of such a life, and many sought to dissuade me from my purpose; but I have proved my plan to be a success, for I believe, without being vain, that in this way, during three months, I acquired more actual knowledge of the gorilla than any man has ever acquired by other means in three years; and I feel a just pride in saying that my reward is equal to the efforts I have made, since by this method I have been able to see more living gorillas in their native wilds than any other white man has ever seen. I know of men in that part of Africa who have lived there for years, and who frequently hunt in the bush for days at a time, and yet never saw a live gorilla; and if man would learn the secret habits of these apes he must adopt similar means to those which I used.

My cage has been so often and amply described that I shall omit any details here, but the pictures given herewith were taken by myself during my sojourn in the wilderness. From my retreat I could view the wildest sports of Nature, and hear her many voices, chief among which was that of the gorilla king himself. I have read and heard descriptions of the sounds made by the gorilla, but nothing ever conveyed to my mind a just and adequate idea of their true nature until I heard them with my own ears in the dead of night and within a few yards of my lonely abode. By some it has been called roaring, by others howling, but to my ears they neither roar nor howl; they utter a peculiar combination of sounds, beginning with a low and not unmusical note, which gradually increases in volume and frequency until at its climax it reaches the pitch of a most piercing scream. The first part of this series of sounds is quite within the scope of and easily imitated by the human vocal organs; but as it rises in loudness and pitch it passes far beyond the reach of the most powerful efforts of the human lungs. The first sound of the series appears to be made in the natural way, by expiration; the second by inspiration; and thus they alternate throughout the entire series, the first part of which somewhat resembles the human voice, but the latter part has a strong resemblance to the braying of an ass, except that it is louder. A gorilla does not make this sound every night, but when he does he usually makes it between two and four o'clock in the morning, and it is repeated from ten to twenty times, at intervals of one or two minutes each. The only meaning that I could attribute to the sound was that it was intended to arouse and collect the family, preparatory to an early march, or that it was made to alarm some intruder that might be heard approaching too closely. From my own experience I can say that I know of nothing in the way of sounds that can inspire one with so much terror as the voice of a big gorilla near at hand in the lone and silent hours of the night. I have often heard it at a great distance, and I do not think there is any doubt that it can be heard three or four miles off. Sometimes this terrific yell is accompanied by a peculiar beating, which travellers have described, and it is currently believed that it is made by the animal beating upon his breast with his hands, but I do not think so. I have heard it many times at some distance from me, but on one occasion I was stopping overnight at a house in a native town, when I was aroused from sleep by a gorilla screaming and beating only a few hundred yards away. I instantly slipped out of bed, put on my boots and helmet, seized my rifle, and started through a plantation in the direction of the sound. I stealthily approached to the edge of the bush, which brought me within less than two hundred yards of the animal. The moon was shining but faintly, and I had no desire to approach nearer at such a time; but I heard distinctly every stroke, and my belief is that he was beating upon a log or a piece of dead wood. He was evidently beating with his hands alternately, and with great rapidity, and not unlike the manner in which the natives beat a drum, except that each hand made the same number of strokes, and the strokes were in a constant series, rising and falling from very soft to very loud, and *vice versa*; and a number of these runs followed one another during the whole time that the voice continued. Between the first and second strokes the interval was slightly longer than between the second and third, and so on. As the beating increased in loudness the interval shortened in a corresponding degree, whereas in the *diminuendo* the intervals lengthened as the beating softened, and the author of the sounds seemed conscious of this fact. I could not trace any relation, however, in time or harmony between the music and the beating, except that they usually began at the same time and ended at the same time; but the voice suddenly stopped at the very climax of the sounds, whereas the beating was stopped at any part of the scale. I have no doubt that the gorilla sometimes beats his breast, and he has been seen to do so in captivity; but I do not think it follows that he is confined to that. I have great doubt if any man has ever seen him make the sounds which I have just described, as they seem to do so only at night. It has frequently been declared that he beats upon his breast and screams when he attacks a man. This may be true; but I sought in vain through seven tribes to find one man that had actually seen a gorilla in the act of assaulting a man. Many of the stories told by the natives are like ghost stories — the author never saw the thing himself, but he knows a man that has seen a fellow that does know it to be true. Travellers are too ready to repeat the native fairy tales and vouch for them as known facts.

I had with me in the bush a young gorilla, which I studied with great care, and I suppose that his habits were the same as those of his parents; and from a study of this specimen I was forced to modify many opinions which I had imbibed from reading and from pictures and specimens which I had seen, many of which represent the gorilla in absurd and sometimes impossible attitudes. Most artists and taxidermists avail themselves of all means which the subject will admit of to develop and intensify his terrifying look, just as a clever artist brings into use the strong features of a familiar face in the most absurd caricature, and yet preserves the likeness to his subject. And in a similar manner the gorilla is transformed in a degree, by being shown in nearly an upright position, with one arm raised like a lancer, and the mouth wide open, which imparts to him an aspect of great ferocity; but I do not think it faithfully represents the gorilla. I have seen many of them wild, but I have never yet seen one go stalking through the bush with his mouth open like a fly-trap, nor with extended arms and straight legs. They have strictly the motion of a quadruped, and, I think, a marked aversion to standing erect.

So far only one species of this animal is known to science, and it is possible that only one exists; but I have brought home with me a collection of specimens, among which is one skeleton at least that controverts all previous theories. It is No. 6 in the plate on page 297. This skull I know to be that of an adult male which was killed within two hours of my cage in the basin of Lake Fernan Vaz, and the animal was brought to me at once. I brought home with me the skin, skeleton, and genital organs. Up to this time it has been claimed that the adult male skull always develops a large bony crest, as shown in skulls 7, 8, 9, and 10 of the plate, and that the female skull only develops the slight temporal ridges as seen in No. 5. A comparison, however, shows skull No. 6 to be entirely wanting in that respect, and yet there is evidence to show that he is quite as old as No. 7.

No. 1 is the skull of the young male which I had with me in the bush. He was about one year old, and was captured near the place where No. 6 was killed.

No. 2 is the skull of a young female, some three or four years old, from the same section.

No. 8 is of a male from the basin of Lake Izanga, on the south side of the Ogowé River, about a hundred and fifty miles from the coast.

The three specimens 1, 2, and 6 I prepared myself, and all had a decidedly red or tan-color crest somewhat like a wig.

I do not know the history of No. 8. It was presented to me by Mr. James Deemin, a young Englishman whom I met in Africa, and with whom I travelled many days on the Ogowé River. The other skulls of this series belong to the Liverpool Museum, and are merely shown for comparison. Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are all female.

It is true that one specimen of itself may not prove anything; but I found in Esyira (one of the countries through which I travelled many days on foot) that the natives describe four distinct kinds of apes, the first of which they call by the native name N'jina (njeena), and the name is the same in all the seven tribes through which I travelled, and is uniformly applied to the gorilla. Another variety they call N'tyii (ncheeyee), which they describe as a similar species, but say that the face of the young one is always yellow, and that as he grows older it becomes black. His ears are larger than those of the gorilla, but smaller than the ears of the chimpanzee, and he grows to be very large. The name is only found, so far as I know, among the Esyira tribe.

The name N'tyigo (ncheego) in all these seven tribes is applied only to the chimpanzee.

The Esyira people describe a fourth species, which they call "Kulu Kamba," and which they claim to be the most intelligent of the apes. Strange to say, in Malimbu there is an ape known to the natives as Kulu; but whether it is the same species as that in Esyira or a different one, I do not know. The scientific twaddle over this name is enough to grieve the spirit of the ape that bears it. It is purely a local name, if not a local species. The word "Kulu" is the Esyira onomatope or imitation of the sound made by the animal, to which is added the word "Kamba," which is their verb "to speak," "to talk," and hence the literal meaning of the word is "the thing that talks Kulu." Along the Rembo N'kami, near the borders of Esyira, the natives call this ape "Kanga N'tyigo," by which they mean "the thinking N'tyigo." The word "Kanga" in their language normally means "to fry," "to parch," and secondarily "to prepare." From this peculiar application of Kanga the native implies that this species is better "prepared" than the other —that is, he is prepared to think, while the other is not. I shall forbear going into a long discussion on this name or species; but I am assured by many of the natives that there are four species well known to them, while north of that country the name is not used, and if the ape is found he is called by some other name.

It is very difficult to determine with exactness how many species there may be, for there is great variation among these animals; but I am in doubt as to whether or not we are justified in making new species of them, because from one extreme type to the other almost every gradation between is occupied, and hence the difficulty of drawing the line at which to say "here one begins and the other ends."

I do not know how much the vocal products of the gorilla may vary; but with the chimpanzee I find a great variety of vocal types. The sounds uttered by my chimpanzee, Moses, and my Kulu Kamba, Aaron, differ in almost every point; while those made by Elisheba, the female Kulu Kamba, who died in Liverpool, strongly resembled Aaron's, although they differed slightly. In the former case I regard the difference as so great as to constitute two distinct languages, while in the latter case they could not be regarded as more than closely allied dialects.

With regard to the arboreal habits of the gorilla, I think they are somewhat misunderstood. He is a good climber, and evidently spends much of his time in trees; but from an examination of his foot, it is evident that it was designed for terrestrial habits. The grasping power of his foot is much less than that of the chimpanzee, and not at all to be compared in this respect with his own hand; and all men whom I have consulted upon this point agree with me that they spend most of their lives on the ground.

During the time that I kept a young gorilla in the bush with me I had also a chimpanzee; and it was the daily habit of the chimpanzee to climb about in the bushes, while the gorilla rarely ever ascended one.

I always kept a supply of food for them where they could easily secure it themselves at any time; but the gorilla would seldom climb even a few feet from the ground to get himself a plantain, and when he did so always descended again to the ground to eat it, whereas the chimpanzee would occasionally take a banana and climb into a bush to eat it. Both of these animals, however, and also the native, climb in much the same manner. They hold to the sides of the tree with the hands, place the bottom of the foot obliquely on the side next to them, and walk up it, meanwhile depending in a great degree on the big toe. I have often been struck with the prehensile character of the native's foot, and have frequently seen them pick up a thing from the ground with the toes and take it in the hand without stooping. On one occasion my boy was carrying a bunch of bananas on his head, when two or three of them fell to the ground. Instead of stooping to pick them up, which was rather awkward for him to do, he simply picked them up one by one with his toes, took them in his hand, and laid them on the top of the bunch on his head. When I was erecting my cage I had three natives to assist me. One of them was on the top of the cage, which, with the foundation, raised him about nine feet from the ground. He called for the hammer, which another native tried to hand him, but could not reach him; whereupon the one on the top of the cage dropped one leg over the side, took the hammer by the handle between his toes, and lifted it to his hand. I laughed at this incident, when he declared to me that he could take the hammer in his toes and drive a nail, but would not do so because white men say that the black man is like an ape. It is a common thing to see a native use the toes to hold a cloth while sewing it.

I have dissected three gorillas, and have been impressed with the want of flexibility in their feet. In walking I do not think they place the sole of the foot squarely upon the ground as a man does, yet much more nearly so than does the chimpanzee. I have seen the tracks of a gorilla in soft ground and in soft sand, from which I infer that the greater part of his weight is on the outside of the foot. This, however, does not result from the shape of the foot, but from the character of the muscles of the leg. The animal walks with a crouching habit, and when in his natural attitude I think his foot rests nearly flat on the ground; but with any slight attempt to assume an erect position, the muscles of the legs prevent the inner side of the foot from reaching the ground on a plane with the outer side. However, I think it is very seldom that the gorilla assumes an upright position when in the act of walking. In the infant state the leg can be made almost straight; but as the animal matures, the bones harden, and the muscles become firm, he is less able to extend the leg, and it always forms an angle at the knee, ranging from 130 to 150 degrees. I have never seen one walk without the use of his hands. I have seen the young gorilla stand quite erect; but the knees turned outward, and he cannot walk well in this position. Another point of difference between the gorilla and the chimpanzee is in their manner of sitting down. The chimpanzee generally squats, resting the weight of his body upon his heels, whereas the gorilla sits flat upon the ground like a human being, frequently with one leg stretched out, and sometimes both. This appears to be a common habit with him, while it is very rare with the chimpanzee.

One peculiar thing I have observed is that in drinking, without being taught to do so, the gorilla takes a cup and places the rim between his lips in the same manner as man does, whereas the chimpanzee always puts both lips into the vessel if possible.

A favorite pastime with my young gorilla was turning somersaults; and every day, at intervals of an hour or so, he would stand up for a moment, then put his head on the ground, turn over like a boy, rise up on his feet, and look at me as if to say, "Isn't that pretty clever?" He would sometimes repeat this a dozen or more times, and seemed to know that he would be rewarded for his labor. His face seemed utterly incapable of expressing anything resembling a smile. He was about the most sober, solemn, and stoical creature I ever saw, and nothing that I could do appeared to arouse in him a spirit of mirth. I had to keep him confined, because the instant he was released he would break for the bush, and of course I or my boy would pursue him, and when he was overtaken he would invariably want to fight. This gave me an opportunity of studying his mode of attack, in which he displayed much skill. He would turn with his side to the foe that he was going to attack, and without facing in that direction would roll his eyes in such a manner that he could see his antagonist, and at the same time conceal his intention. He would then strike from the side, and usually backward, and when he had grasped the object of his attack would instantly bring the other arm with a long sweep and strike it. He seemed to depend more upon the blow than upon the grasp. In every case that I recall he kept one arm and one leg in reserve until he had seized his adversary. Having caught him and given him a blow, he generally proceeded to use his teeth.

When the chimpanzee attacks he usually approaches his enemy directly, and strikes with both hands, one slightly in advance of the other. Moses was a good specimen in which to study this characteristic, because he would not suffer any one to lay hands on me, or even allow my boy to hand me food. And on every occasion when any one would shake hands with me he would protest and offer battle.

Another excellent specimen is Aaron, who is now with me in England. I brought him from the head of N'dogo River, carried on the back of a small native boy, five days' journey through the Esyira bush, and thence down the Rembo, about three days by canoe to reach Fernan Vaz. During this time he became much attached to me, but he became more so

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after the death of poor little Moses, which occurred four days before my return to the coast. When I secured Elisheba, the one that recently died, she had quite a vicious temper, and had been badly spoiled. She would frequently assault me when I touched her, and in every case when she behaved in this manner Aaron resented her conduct. He would fly at her and pound her with both hands with all his might, grinning and showing his teeth, and making a tremendous noise.

Another very important fact I observed was that in not one single instance of attack which I witnessed by the young gorilla did he utter the slightest sound, while in nearly every case the chimpanzees accompanied their assault with loud screams. I do not say that gorillas never beat their breasts and howl and yell when they attack, but I have never seen anything to indicate that they do, while, on the contrary, everything I have observed tends to controvert this theory.

As to the gorilla throwing stones or sticks at his enemy, I do not believe he ever does such a thing. With regard to his building houses or nests, the natives declare he does so, but I offered frequent and liberal rewards to any native in the seven tribes that I visited to show me a single specimen of architecture by these animals, and during my whole sojourn and in the course of hundreds of miles of travel, I failed to find any evidence, except the statement of the natives, that such a thing has ever existed.

During the time my young gorilla (Othello) lived with me he was in fine condition, having a splendid appetite and no fixed hours for meals. At noon on the day of his death he was in fine spirits, turning somersaults and playing like a child with my native boy. He had plenty of native food, which he ate with relish. About one o'clock I sent my boy on an errand, expecting him to return towards night. About three o'clock I observed that the gorilla was ill. He refused to eat or drink, and lay on his back on the ground with his hands crossed under his head. I tried to induce him to walk with me or to sit up, but he declined. By four o'clock he was very ill. He groaned occasionally as if in pain, and placed his hand at times upon his stomach. Just then I discovered a native stealthily approaching through the bush with an uplifted spear, as if in the act of hurling it at something. At the moment I did not think of my gorilla, and the native had not seen me. I spoke to him in the native language, and he then explained that he had seen this young gorilla, and he thought there must be an old one close at hand, and that while he did not fear the little one (which he sought to capture), he was prepared for an attack by an old one. I told him that my pet was sick, and he assured me that it would die, and asked me if I drank tobacco, which is the native expression for smoking. When I replied in the affirmative, he informed me that tobacco smoke was absolutely fatal to a gorilla, and many other natives confirm this statement. Shortly after this my patient began to vomit, and showed some symptoms of gastric poisoning. His sighing and moaning were really touching. At five o'clock he appeared unconscious, and before six was dead. During these last hours his conduct was so very humanlike that his death affected me deeply. And being alone with him in the dreary bush at the time of his demise gave the scene a touch of sadness which impressed me with a deeper sense of the reality. I had taken six portraits of him, none of which is worth reproducing. On the day of his arrival at my home in the bush I had his cage placed on the ground a few feet away from my own. My boy laid some bananas and sugar-cane in front of it, in order that Moses (my chimpanzee) might go and take one, and in doing so discover the gorilla. My purpose was to see how he would act on such an occasion. My boy and myself got into our cage, whilst Moses went to take a banana, whereupon he discovered the gorilla. He immediately gave me an alarm. He was not deterred from taking the banana, however, but seized it and retreated. While he was eating it, I took the gorilla from the cage and set him on the ground in front of it. I then petted him and gave him some food. After the lapse of a few minutes I returned to my cage, and Moses proceeded to investigate the new arrival. It is difficult to describe his conduct. He approached slowly and cautiously, walked round the gorilla a couple of times, keeping his face directly towards him. At length he stopped by his side, approached to within a few inches, stood on tiptoe, and gave one terrific yell. The gorilla continued to eat his food without showing the slightest concern, and when Moses screamed into his ear he did not even flinch, or turn his eyes. Afterwards, Moses frequently endeavored to make friends with the gorilla, but the latter never showed the slightest inclination to be on anything more than peaceable terms. There was hardly any article of food that one of them was fond of that the other would eat at all, therefore they had no occasion to quarrel over that, and the gorilla acted as though he held the chimpanzee in contempt. I do not think he entertained the sentiment, but his conduct indicated such. At intervals he would fret, and utter a kind of cry exactly like a human being, accompanied by a kind of deep sighing. This peculiar sound and sigh were made all the more impressive by the expression upon his face—the only case in which I ever discovered emotion depicted upon his countenance; but one could scarcely be mistaken as to what it meant.

I have long believed that the chimpanzee is entitled to the place next to man in the scale of nature, and all of my observations in Africa tend to confirm that opinion. The chimpanzee is very sociable, while the gorilla is extremely selfish. The former is easily domesticated; the latter can seldom if ever be reconciled to human society. The gorilla does not quickly adapt himself to new conditions, nor imitate the actions of man, while the chimpanzee does so quite readily.

At Gaboon, on my return home, I was invited by Mr. Handmann, the German consul, to take breakfast with a few friends. Owing to a journey of sixty miles I made up the Gaboon River, however, I was not able to be present, and it was proposed that my vacant seat should be filled by a fine young chimpanzee belonging to the host. On proposing a toast, all the guests beat on the table with their hands, in which the chimpanzee joined with apparent joy; and after a few rounds of this kind, when one of the guests failed to beat, the chimpanzee actually assaulted him, and would not desist until the guest proceeded to beat. On this occasion my substitute drank beer until he was quite drunk and went to sleep.

Of all my animal friends, I esteem my little friend Moses as one of the dearest and truest to me. He was my chum for months, and I often permitted him to eat at the table with me; but sometimes he would put his dirty little hand in a dish, or put his foot up on the table, or do some other naughty thing, and then I would make him get down and sit on the floor. I was trying to educate him, and was succeeding quite well, when he was taken ill. His death was a real grief to me, and I confess without shame that I secretly wept for him.

Among the three chimpanzees which I had so long I discovered some humanlike traits. When I approached the cage on the morning that Moses died, the conduct of Aaron was quite unlike anything I had observed in him before. He seemed perfectly aware that something very serious had occurred. I do not know whether these creatures have a name for death, but surely they know what it is. For days before Aaron sat for hours with his arms around Moses, and never for a moment resented anything he did, nor would he allow any one to touch his patient except myself; but when I did so it seemed rather to please Aaron than otherwise. Every morning when I approached the cage I found them lying or sitting locked in each other's arms; but on this sad morning when I drew back the curtain Aaron was sitting in the remotest corner of the cage alone, and Moses was dead. His body was covered from head to foot with one of the pieces of cloth I kept in the cage for their bedclothing. I do not know whether Aaron had covered him up, but he evidently realized the situation. When I opened the door he neither moved nor spoke, and I do not think it was wholly my imagination which read in his face the story. I caused my boy to remove the dead body from the cage and place it on a board some thirty feet away, with a view to preparing the skin and skeleton. Meanwhile I found it necessary to confine Aaron to the cage. He cried and fretted so much that I took him out and tied him with a long line, so that he had ample room to play; but this did not console him. He continued to fret until he was released, when he came and took his seat upon the board near the body of his friend, and there he sat the whole day long watching the operation. After this he was never quiet for a moment if he could see or hear me, unless I had him in my arms, until I secured Elisheba for his companion. Poor little Moses was never happier at any time than when he was allowed to lie upon my lap; and many long weary hours have been thus spent while we dwelt alone in the wild forest. He seemed to feel the loneliness of our surroundings, and look to me for company. His fidelity awoke within me something more than a mere sense of kindness, and it is like a balm to my heart to recall how tenderly I nursed him during the last sad days of his brief but fatal illness. It was the only requital I could make the honest love he bore me. Dear little Moses! no one can ever know what comfort he afforded me during those lonely days and nights in that dismal land. No one can realize how much I loved him, nor how deeply I feel his loss.

After I found a companion for Aaron he became somewhat indifferent to me, and never for a moment would he leave her side; no matter where she went, he followed her, and clung to her at every step. When she was ill he nursed her with even more devotion than he had shown before, and in her last hours he sat by her with his arms folded around her, and even when she was dead he refused to give her up. When I examined her, to see if she was beyond all hope, I laid my hand upon her heart; he looked at me inquiringly, and then placed his hand by the side of mine upon her body. Of course to him this had no meaning, but his conduct indicated his desire; and having faith in my friendship, he believed that anything I would do was good. When the keeper removed the body he clung to it, and it was with great difficulty that I could release myself from him after he was returned to his cage. The body was placed on the floor in front, where he could see it, and his actions clearly showed to me that he realized the worst. I then had the body removed; and from that time to this, when I pay him my daily visits, I can scarcely release myself from him, and as long as he can see me or hear my voice he cries and screams for me. Dear little Aaron, the last of my four lovely pets, how much I am attached to him! So long have we been friends, and so much trouble has befallen us in common, that our griefs should make us cling to one another. So many long weary miles by land and sea have we travelled together these many sorrowing moons, and in his short life what sad experience is his! Twice he has nursed with tenderness his little cousins, watching over them in their last moments, and twice has beheld the flickering lamp of life go out.

Since the death of Elisheba I have received many kind letters of condolence from various parts of England, some of which express deep feeling, and show that Aaron and I are not without the sympathy of good and tender hearts.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match now in progress between William Steinitz, the champion of the world, and Emanuel Lasker, the renowned German expert, is the most extraordinary event in chess since, two decades ago, Anderssen and Morphy played their famous match in Paris. Here, as there, the older master wagers his fame and laurels, earned in a lifetime, against a rival almost a boy, whose career, while necessarily short, has been unusually brilliant. Here, as there, the younger player possesses a consummate knowledge of the theory, and is thoroughly familiar with the style, the strong and weak points of the opponent, who labors under the additional disadvantage of being out of play. Will the analogy end here, or will now, as then, the younger talent be triumphant?

William Steinitz was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1836. He studied mathematics, but failing health forced him to abandon his studies. In 1860 he went to Vienna, where he defeated such masters as Hamppe and Jenai. Two years later he was sent to London to represent the Vienna Chess Club at the international tournament, where he earned the title of "Austrian Morphy." He won sixth prize, but successively defeated, in set matches, every one of the players who preceded him, barring Louis Paulsen. In 1867 Steinitz defeated Anderssen in a match by the score of 8 to 6. In 1872 he won the tournament at Sydenham without losing a single game, and subsequently defeated his rival, Zukertort, by the overwhelming score of 7 to 1—2 draws. The following year he won the international tournament for the Emperor's prize at Vienna. Although he started in badly, he soon recovered, and created a record by winning 16 straight games. Upon his return to London he took charge of the chess department in the *Field*. This marked a new era in chess journalism. Never before were games so fully and copiously annotated; never before were the fundamental principles of chess expounded and made clear to the reader. Steinitz broke with the old traditions, and created the "modern school." As an innovator, both in analysis and actual play, Steinitz has no equal. There is not a single opening wherein he has not originated moves, for one side or the other, and in most instances his novelties have supplanted the previous line of play.

Since 1889 Steinitz has become a full-fledged American citizen, and owns property in New Jersey. His two matches in Havana with Tchigorin and his match in this city with Gunsberg are still fresh in every chess-player's memory. The final scores on these occasions were, with Tchigorin, 10 to 6 in '89, and 10 to 8 in '92; with Gunsberg, 6 to 4, and 9 draws.

Emanuel Lasker was born twenty-five years ago at Berlinchen, a small town in Prussia. Like Steinitz, Lasker studied mathematics. Guided by his brother, Dr. B. Lasker, a strong player, and within the favorable surroundings of Berlin's chess circles, Emanuel developed into a fine player. In 1889 he won the chief tournament at Breslau, and therewith the master title, and in that very year he won second prize in the international tournament at Amsterdam, ahead of Gunsberg and Mason. He then visited England, but the leading British masters refused to recognize him as their peer, and he had to content himself with defeating Bird and Miniati. He returned home, tied for the two chief prizes in the masters' tournament at Berlin with his brother, and subsequently beat some of the strongest German players—Bardeleben, Von Scheve, Mieses—in set matches. In '92 he again went to London, where he played all comers at the German exhibition. His extraordinary success in single and simultaneous games gained him admittance to the national tournament of the British Chess Association, which Lasker won in great style. Now the English cracks could no longer afford to ignore Lasker's challenge. The quintangular tournament was arranged between him, Blackburne, Mason, Gunsberg, and Bird. He won again. Blackburne then consented to play him a match. The result was, Lasker, 5; Blackburne, 0; drawn, 2. Before embarking for this country Lasker defeated Bird, winning 7 straight games.

In America Lasker made a finer record in exhibition and simultaneous games than any other master. Out of some seventy games played on even terms in this country, Canada, and Cuba, Lasker lost 5, drew 2, and won the remainder. His last success prior to his present engagement was his winning every one of the 13 games played by him in the international tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club.

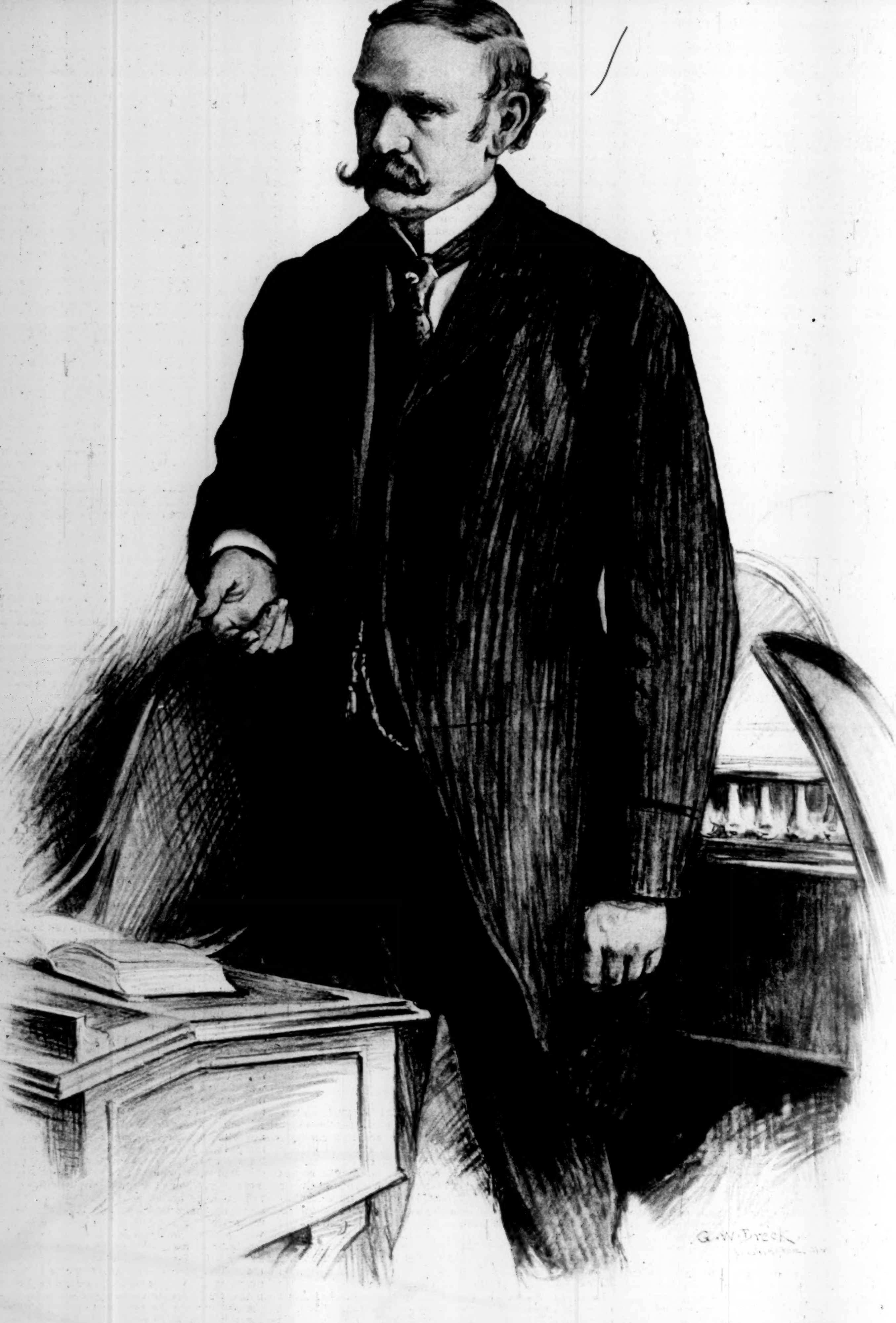
REPRESENTATIVE BENTON McMILLIN.

The South preserves some of its honorable traditions in politics, notwithstanding Mr. Hewitt's general denunciation. There are times in a republic when the important men come to the front and take their part in the business of government, but they must be important times, for the glory of a public career in a popular government is not what it is in an empire, or even in a limited monarchy. In easy times men of ability prefer the rewards and honors of other employments than public life. This is true, at all events, of our modern day. If we do not find the Calhouns and Bentons and Clays in public life, neither do we find the Websters and Jays and Trumbulls. The constituencies do not realize that such men are needed, although the financial condition of the country seems to be reaching a point where the people will wake up to the fact that they cannot afford to leave the making of their laws either to the ignorant or to men who will trade away the interests of their country for their own political or pecuniary gain. However that may be, it is now evident that a public career is impossible in most parts of the country; that the people will choose their servants for the purposes that are uppermost in the public mind, and that the character of Congressmen is largely dependent on the appreciation of the constituencies of the needs of the hour. It may be that the experiences through which the country is now going will indicate that false and dangerous money illusions must always be cured by a distressful panic. If that is so it is a great weakness in a democratic form of government, and is to be balanced against the virtues of such a system as that which the people of the United States enjoy.

Of all the sections of the country the South is most loyal to the public men who not only serve her well, but serve the country well. The subject of this sketch, Mr. Benton McMillin, would have been a notable man in the times of Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Webster. He might not have been so near the topmost round as he is to-day. Other questions were then in the ascendency, and it is difficult to say to-day that Clay and Calhoun, or even that Mr. Benton, would be sound, in the view of Northern and Eastern men, on the silver question, on the coinage of the seigniorage, or on that of bimetallism generally. It would even be impossible to state what Mr. Calhoun's or Mr. Clay's views on the tariff would be under existing conditions. Mr. McMillin would have been prominent no matter what his surroundings or who were his competitors, because he is a man of intelligence, of conscience, courage, and intense industry.

There is a good deal in Mr. McMillin's political and economic creed with which the Northern and Eastern man will not agree. It is quite possible that his fidelity to what he regards as the interests and the prejudices of his constituents will not commend him to the New England and New York men, who do not think that their support of protective tariff bills or harbor improvements in the shallow creeks along the coast bear any resemblance to the "free-trade" notions of the West or to projects for deepening interior waters. They may call Mr. McMillin a demagogue; but the definition of a demagogue, as I have intimated, depends a good deal on the respective sections of country from which the definer and the defined come. Mr. McMillin is not a demagogue. On the contrary, he is a very sincere and independent man, whose views agree in the main with those of the people whom he represents, and among whom he lives. He would be more enlightened on the currency question, perhaps, if he had been educated in the money centre where the currency question as well as the money-making art is studied, and it is to be regretted that, ardent tariff-reformer and general enemy of paternalism that he is, he has not sounder views of taxation than to supplant a bad tariff law with an income tax; but if sound views are to have strong opponents in the Congress of the United States, it is well that these opponents should be men like Mr. McMillin, who is intelligent and wise enough not to force his opinions on a falling market if he can be convinced. In other words, he is open to conviction, although it is true of him, as of all intensely earnest men, that it is difficult to convince him.

Mr. McMillin came to Congress for the first time in 1879. He was contemporary, or nearly so, with Mr. Carlisle, Mr. W. L. Wilson, and later he became attached to the group that formed around Mr. Morrison and Mr. Mills—a group of men who are designated by the Republicans in the House and the Senate as the "free-traders," and who are now restive under the leadership of Gorman and the presence in the party of men who are in sympathy with nearly every Republican principle against which the Democratic party



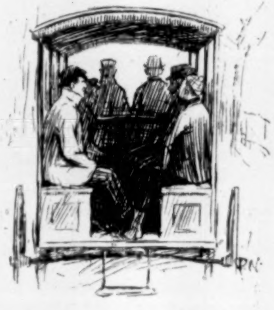
THE HON. BENTON McMILLIN, OF TENNESSEE.—Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.

has been professing to contend for the last twenty years. He was for Mr. Carlisle for Speaker against Mr. Randall. The zeal and intelligence which he displayed soon made him a factor to be reckoned. He is a debater, and possessed of parliamentary skill, with a touch of hot-headed eloquence and readiness for a fight that may be Irish or may be Southern. At any rate, the possession of the faculty and the temper made him conspicuous, while his quieter and stronger virtues have made him a useful member of the Committee on Ways and Means. He was a young man when he came to Congress—thirty-four years old—a thorough Southerner so far as being kindly, genial, democratic, but he was not lazy. He moved about the House with the energy and quickness of a New England business man. It was soon learned that he was possessed of a purpose, and was nearly always thinking of it. When Mr. Carlisle went into the Senate, Mr. McMillin was one of the candidates for the Speakership. There were so many candidates among the men who were recognized as Mr. Carlisle's particular friends that Mr. Crisp was elected. Mr. McMillin remained in the contest a good while longer than some of the others who weakened the cause of Mr. Mills by dividing the men who it was expected would constitute his forces; but there were good reasons for this, and what he did was for the good of the tariff-reform cause. It is that cause to which he has been most persistently bound since his first appearance in Congress, and he has rendered it valuable service. He is a silver man, and he favors an income tax, and he is wrong, from the Northern point of view, on many questions; but he is, above all else, fundamentally against a paternal government; and he has an open mind which can be reasoned with when McKinleyism and its brood of evils and heresies are out of the way.

The biography of Mr. McMillin is very simple. He was educated at the Kentucky University, and he has been a lawyer and a politician ever since. In character he is the kind of man who ought to be in public life, and the Southern politician who comes to Congress is more likely to be a man of character than some others. Mr. McMillin, for example, would be one of the last men who would be suspected of being governed by pecuniary considerations in the discharge of his Congressional duties. This is not said by way of praise. He would very hotly resent such praise. I simply wish to fix his type. There might be more McMillins in Congress to its improvement.

THE NUTLEY AMATEUR CIRCUS.

"NUTLEY:—A small town on the Erie road, about twelve miles from New York. Beautifully situated. Fine scenery. Delightful surroundings, etc."—*Guide-Book.*



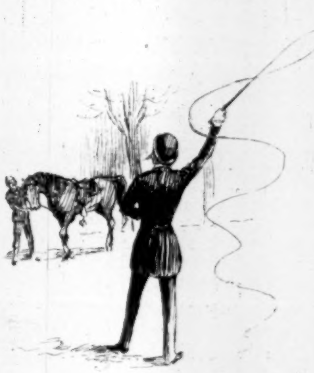
OFF FOR A REHEARSAL.

FOR the past few weeks the inhabitants of Nutley have greeted one another with the words "Hoop la!" to which the usual and proper response has been "Hi yi!" or in some cases "Boom, tar-ra-ra, boom"—strange sounds to the uninitiated, but easily explained. Nutley was going to have a circus; and not an ordinary circus in a single sense of the word.

In the first place, the object was not to obtain money enough to "move on," neither was it to foist a lot of third-rate performers (under stolen names) before a public drugged with peanuts and pink lemonade. It was for a worthy object, its inception was novel, its methods new, its details startling, its accomplishment successful. And all this was due to the way it was managed from start to finish. The press agent was an editor, the ring-master was another, one clown was a heavy swell, another a painter, one bareback-rider was an electrician, the horses thoroughbreds, the performers amateurs (with one or two brilliant exceptions), and the object was to start in Franklin County, New Jersey, a branch of the Red Cross Association, that is known throughout the world. The intention of the association is to supply ready and intelligent assistance and succor to the sick and wounded, to provide instruction to its members by forming "emergency classes," and to be, above all, useful and *practical* in times of need. Every one knows the work of the Red Cross at Johnstown flood, lately on the hurricane-swept islands of the Southern coast, and in time of war, famine, and distress. Mr. H. C. Bunner, whose name and fame as an author and editor extend up and down and across this broad land, has been the press agent, and it is mostly to his untiring efforts that Nutley went circus-mad for so good a cause.

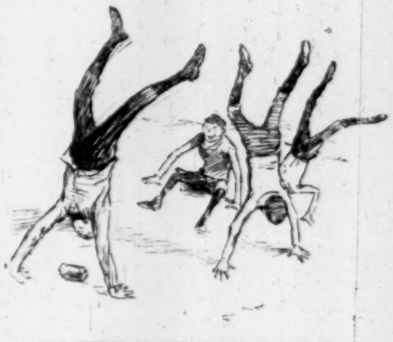
Every evening the various performers would meet and discuss matters pertaining to the sawdust arena. They would come out, tired from a long day in the city, and appear on their front lawns, where they indefatigably cracked long whips at imaginary horses, and jokes at their next-door neighbors. Mr. Bailey, the handsome ring-master, became such an expert that it was even safe to tell him where you were going to stand, within range of the whip.

But to the performance. It was one huge success, a galaxy (there's a circus word for you) of splendor, wonderful feats, and prolonged billows of applause. There was not room for all the people who wished to go, and those who did would come again. Not far from the railway track, which runs for some miles through Nutley (the town straggles delightfully), is the training-school for professional bareback-riders, kept by Mr. Eaton Stone, of whom honorable mention is made later in this article. The great white building (which had been newly whitewashed) was gay with bunting and bright with electric lights, red crosses decorated the walls inside and out, and the strains of a real circus band swept forth into the evening air. The special train stopped at the foot of the hill, and the vast crowds wended their way across the well-trimmed grass-plots (to be strictly honest, a little Jersey mud showed here and there) up to the spacious pavilion. Great was the sight. Bunner, Bailey, and Berg were the greatest circus-managers on earth: they could not disguise the evident fact that the great day of their lives had come. What was literature to being a real Press Agent, with a right to pass in newspaper men by simply saying, "All right, Billy," to the man at the door? What were real estate and prospective land-seekers stuffed with long green Treasury bills to the bliss of snapping a long-lashed whip (without dodging one little dodge) at the fiery prancing steed "Lady Surefoot" (*née* "Polly Ann")? What more heavenly than doing what you pleased to the rest of the performers, to the delighted howls of the spectators? Oh, the joy of a clown! oh, the freedom of baggy trousers, of white chalk, and a painted face!



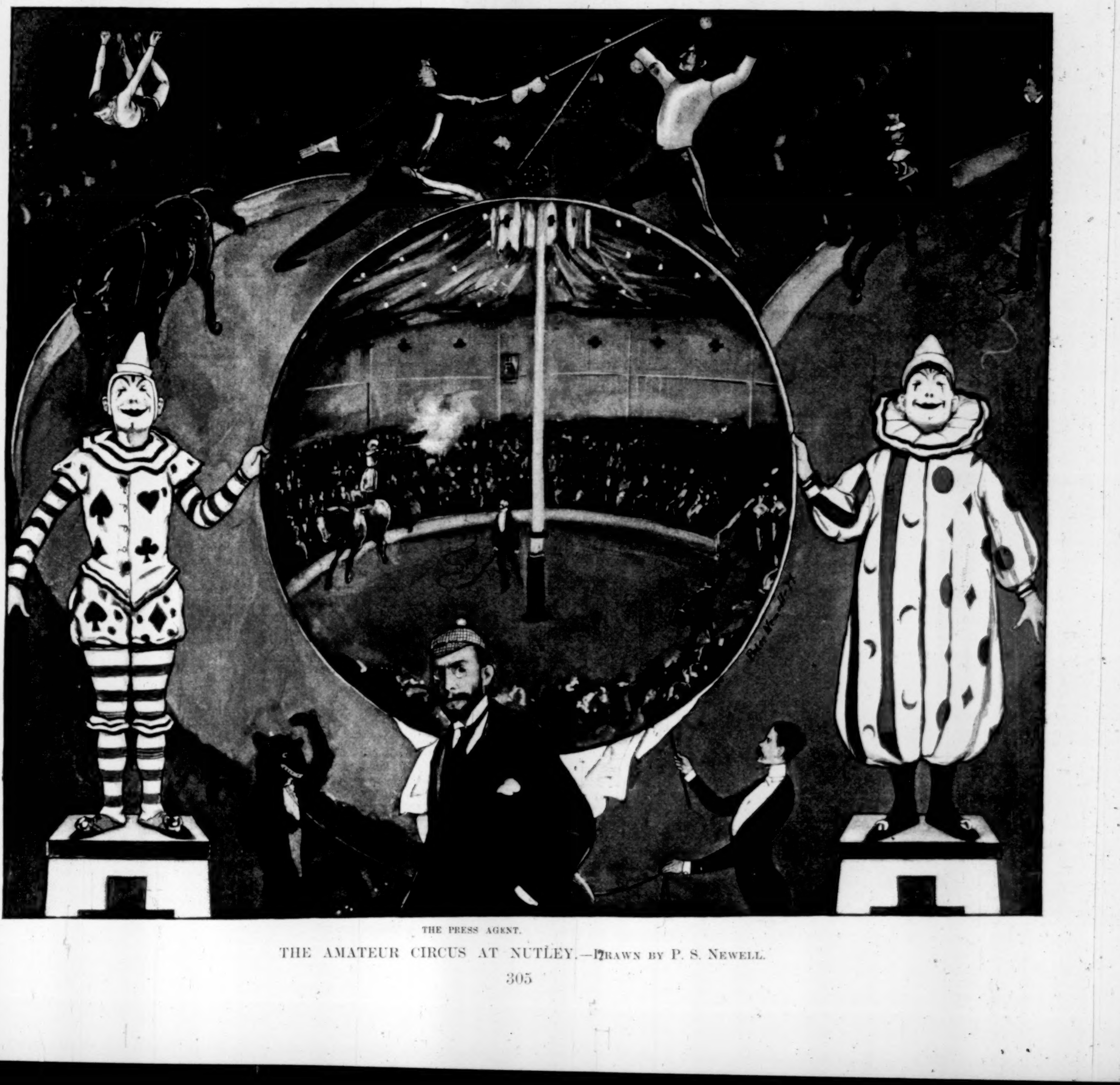
RING-MASTER J. H. BAILEY PRACTISING ON HIS LAWN.

But let us begin at the beginning. In the first place, it was just the kind of a night that often occurs at this time of the year—the weather was much the same. A hush fell upon the population of Nutley gathered on the benches. The city people, and commuters from Essex, Franklin, Avondale, and the surrounding villages of Paterson, Passaic, Orange, and Newark, joined in the expectant silence. Just here the board of managers crossed the ring, creating a riot of applause. Then the great northern doors were thrown open, and headed by Professor Robinson's original and only circus band, the cavalcade appeared. The booming of the big drum and the blare of brass filled the vaulted dome. The blood coursed wildly through the veins of those who found themselves for the first time tasting the delights of being looked at thoroughly. It was a gorgeous pageant. You could imagine the stealthy shuffle of elephants, and the gallumphing of caparisoned camels—Mr. Bunner was ready to explain their absence, however, but no one found time to object; there was so much to look at that several things passed by unnoticed, and the absence of a little thing like an elephant was not commented on. After the procession Mr. Eaton Stone (who kindly loaned the premises for the occasion) was introduced. Mr. Stone was born in 1818; he was the first man to throw a back somersault on a barebacked horse. He is a short wiry man, and has seen many wonderful performers leave his instruction, become famous, and retire rich. He knows more about the ring than any man in the United States, and bears his years and honors gracefully.



THE EFFECT OF THE CIRCUS ON THE YOUTH OF NUTLEY.

The Orange Athletic Club sent some of its tumbling members, whose work was marvellous. The National Turnverein of Newark provided some turners who turned gracefully and well. Then followed hand-balancing by Messrs. Rice and Grant, from Dr. Savage's gymnasium, of New York. This act was received with acclamation and delight. Two smiling young men on a flying trapeze next appeared—Professor Dolt and Mr. Boller, of the Orange Athletic Club. They introduced some startling changes from the usual order of things. A very difficult ladder act followed, by Mr. Marshall, Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Hoffman junior, Mr. Boller and Mr. Dolt again appearing. Then, with a flourish of music, a barebacked horse was led into the arena, and Robert Whittaker bowed to the assemblage. Mr. Whittaker's riding was wonderful. The way horse and man worked together exceeded even the wildest expectations of an audience excited by the glittering promises of a literary press agent (N.B.—Mr. Whittaker is one of the best professional riders in the country). Who does not know of "Professor" Mike Donovan, the cleverest man in the list of American boxing instructors? He and Mr. Geer (whose respect for the Professor visibly increased during the bout)



THE PRESS AGENT.

THE AMATEUR CIRCUS AT NUTLEY.—DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

boxed. The exhibition went to show that it is possible to keep your temper and your feet, providing your opponent hits easy. Take it altogether, this smiling contest was free entirely from the brutal element that is supposed to assimilate with a pair of padded fists.

Now as to fencing, it is the greatest sport in the world, and after seeing Bernard O'Connor and some others prod one another in the ribs, it is impossible to see how the *code* (as practised in France) should contain such an element of absolute safety. When Mr. O'Connor or one of his antagonists received what should be a mortal wound, he thanked the other fellow, and called the audience's attention to the fact that he was "pinked," with an air of visible pride. Mr. Charles O. Smith is a thin, active man; but, although an amateur, he carried himself up to the prancing gray steed, Lady Surefoot (*née* Polly Ann), and stroked her glossy neck with the air of a champion. There is no use of denying the fact, Mr. Smith's act was one that made the audience rise to their feet. He leaped out into space from the broad back of Lady S., and found a trapeze hanging from a rafter in mid-air, which he grasped with both his hands; there he swung until rescued by the noble mare, who caught him as he fell, showing remarkable presence of body, as it were. Mr. Smith otherwise might have been severely hurt.

One of the fair dwellers of Nutley is Miss Annie Oakley—she needs no introduction to the public. Her fame as a rifle and pistol shot circles the globe. Miss Oakley has cultivated a most remarkable grip from shaking hands with princes, great men, and crowned heads, but she will always remain a true little American, who can hit with her rifle anything you want to mention at any distance whatsoever. Miss Oakley stood on the back of a horse going at full speed about the ring, and broke glass balls thrown in the air, with the result that she kept up a continual shower of broken glass. This was the first time that Miss Oakley ever tried this feat in public. A pony act followed Miss Oakley's exit. Mr. Guy Ward's fox-terrier dog, Singboo, was introduced. Sing was a little embarrassed, but he rode about on pony-back after a minute of bashfulness; and his costume was much admired. Master Stirrat appeared, and immediately became a favorite. "Polly Ann" (thy pardon, "Lady Surefoot") again was led forth, and Mr. A. S. Badger, the great amateur rider, came out. Mr. Badger looked very handsome, and as "circussy" as could be; his vaulting on to the back of the prancing Polly would have done credit to any professional. The ladies never took their eyes off him.

A COUPLE O' TUMBL'RS.

Edward Loyal Field, the artist etcher, appeared in a new rôle; he was a comic Hagenbeck whose trained what-you-may-call-its did him great credit. The fake animals deserved great credit also, by-the-way. Mr. Wentworth Conduit, who was one of the managers, was also one of the performers; several people failed to recognize him, but he was the chap who chased about the ring on the arm of a derrick, trying to catch up to "Polly Ann." The audience by this time had learned to love the good-natured gray mare; she had ambled into their hearts. It would not do to drop the circus without mentioning the work and play done by the clowns. Mr. Runnels was a delight, and Messrs. Lovibond, Ward, and Berg excited roars of laughter. Monte Carlo and Magic, two of Mr. Marsh Young's thoroughbreds, showed what could be done with the equine intellect.

After the show was over, the press agent and the inhabitants of Nutley cheered off the special train, "Polly Ann" and "Lady Surefoot" whinnied from the stable, where they both occupied the same nose-bag, and the electric lights went out; and leaving Nutley with the well-earned title of the "Amateur Champion Circus Town," and enough money to purchase a stretcher and obtain a course of lectures on "what to do in case of any emergency," the delighted audience melted into the night. JAMES BARNES.

ALLAN CAMPBELL.

THE death of Allan Campbell, Esq., takes from New York one of the most striking figures of what is fast becoming the old-fashioned life of the city. He was on the verge of eighty when he died (March 18th), but it is hard to think of him as an old man, so erect and full of vigor and intelligence and resolution was he when last seen among his familiar haunts. Mr. Campbell was in more senses than one a strong man. He was six feet two inches in height, finely proportioned, finely built, with rugged features, clear, bright, and penetrating eyes, and the air of a man ready for whatever fortune might ask him to face. And in his time he faced many difficulties and overcame them.

By descent, as his name distinctly proclaimed, Mr. Campbell was Scotch, and his face and bearing, and even a slight accentuation of the voice, bore witness to his ancestry. He was born in the city of Albany in 1815, where his father held an honorable position in the government of the State. He began very early in his youth the practical study of his profession of civil engineering, which in those days was not so highly specialized as it has since become, and which opened up a career in many more directions. So apt was he in its practice that by the time he reached his majority he had won the position of chief engineer of one of the numerous railroads that were then being built in this State. During the next fifteen years he was actively engaged on the Ithaca and Oswego Railroad, on the Erie Canal, and on the Ohio River improvement. In 1850, at the age of thirty-five, he took an engagement as chief engineer in the construction of the first railway built on the continent of South America, running from Lima to Callao in Peru, a distance of seven miles. In this and kindred work he spent nearly six years. When he returned to the United States he was appointed chief engineer of the New York and Harlem Railroad, a line of much greater independent importance at that time, of which he afterwards became President. He retained his connection with the road after it became a part of the Vanderbilt system, and designed and constructed the Harlem improvement, which so materially changed the status of New York with reference to railroad communication. During the war for the Union Mr. Campbell was appointed engineer in charge of the construction of harbor defences in New York, and rendered valuable service. He was later connected with the construction of the transcontinental railway system, which was an outgrowth of that tremendous impulse in the direction of national unity which followed the triumph of the Union cause. Mr. Campbell's thorough engineering training, and his firm grasp of broad possibilities, contributed in no small degree to the fortunate prosecution of the initial enterprise which bound the two shores of the Union far more intimately and strongly each to the other than were the neighboring States at the opening of the century. It is literally true that as a consequence of the Pacific railway system California is closer to New York, in time and readiness of communication, and in the consciousness of common interests and mutual regard and sympathy, than New York was to Massachusetts in the year of Mr. Campbell's birth.

During the later years of his life Mr. Campbell held positions of trust and honor in the government of the city of New York. He was appointed in 1876 by Mayor Wickham as Commissioner of Public Works, to succeed General Fitz-John Porter. His strictly businesslike management of this important branch of the municipal affairs gained him the hostility of John Kelly, who was then Comptroller, and the hearty esteem of respectable people. In 1880 he became Comptroller under Mayor Cooper, and administered that office on the same strict system. In 1883 he was nominated for Mayor by independent Democrats, and endorsed by the Republicans, but the Tammany candidate, Mr. F. Edson, was elected by a plurality of some 21,000 votes. This was the beginning of that unchecked control of the city by Tammany Hall which has been unbroken since. Mr. Campbell during the remainder of his life took no prominent part in public affairs.

GENERAL NEAL DOW.

GENERAL NEAL DOW has proved, at least, that abstinence from intoxicating beverages may go with extreme indulgence in hard work, and not impair the enduring vigor of a hardy inherited constitution. On the 20th of March he reached his ninetieth birthday, and had the pleasing consciousness that the event was being celebrated with thanksgiving and song and praise and prayer literally to "the ends of the earth." In the United States, in Canada, in Great Britain, in India, China, Japan, and the isles of the Pacific, in all quarters of the globe where the Women's Christian Temperance Union has its branches, there was some grateful recognition of the services of General Dow in the cause of total abstinence and legal prohibition. The career thus greeted has certainly been a most remarkable one. It is fifty-three years since, in 1841, Neal Dow took up the work of securing legislation against the sale of liquor. In nine years the task for the State of Maine was completed, and when, in 1850, he was elected Mayor of the city of Portland, it was part of his official duty to enforce the prohibitory laws. Thirty-four years later, in 1884, the prohibitory statute was embodied in the Constitution of the State by a majority of some 50,000. This is probably as complete a vindication by public opinion of the soundness of a reform in legislation as has ever been given, and unquestionably the acceptance of that reform in Maine has been very largely the work of General Dow. He may very properly regard it with the deepest satisfaction.

Meanwhile the title of "General" indicates another claim which the venerable agitator has upon the respect and regard of American citizens, without any reference to their theory or practice as to the intoxicating cup. It was won in the service of the Union, and the strong old man of ninety bears the scars of honorable wounds received in the famous charge at Port Hudson, and perhaps thanks his temperance habits that he passed unbroken through a long and cruel confinement in Libby Prison.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

BY NEAL DOW.

A CENTURY ago the danger from the increase of intemperance in this country was such that thoughful men became alarmed. Among those who sounded the note of warning was Dr. Benjamin Rush, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was then supplementing the distinguished services he had rendered in the Revolutionary army as a surgeon, and in the Colonial Congress as a statesman, by a no less honorable usefulness as an instructor in the profession of which he was a recognized leader. Dr. Rush then wrote as follows:

> "A people corrupted with strong drink cannot long be a free people. The rulers of such a community will soon partake of the vices of that mass from which they are selected, and all its laws and governments will sooner or later show the effects of spirituous liquors."

The tendency which then challenged the serious thought of such men as Dr. Rush has been to a great extent restrained by the temperance reformation of this century, which has accomplished even more good by what it has prevented than by what it has corrected and removed of the evil which, despite the restraining influence of that reformation, has been engaged in the spoliation of the people.

In the prosecution of this correcting and restoring work it was observed that the chief obstacle to its success was a trade which, under the special sanction and authority of law, obtained the profit which was its incentive for existence and activity, by increasing the very danger to which Dr. Rush had called attention, and by counteracting through multiform temptations and influences this great philanthropic movement.

Hence, about the middle of the second quarter of this century, some of those who were laboring for the promotion of temperance in this country became satisfied that no permanent good could be accomplished while the liquor trade was authorized by law to oppose and neutralize their work. Indeed, it seems strange that it was not sooner and more generally apparent that the continuance of their efforts, while their work was being enfiladed from all points by a powerful antagonist intrenched within the statutes, would prove but a moral Balaklava, in which the greatest enthusiasm and valor could only illustrate the blunder of misdirected effort. They had, however, become convinced that to deprive the liquor traffic of its statute endorsement, and to put it under the ban of the law, would spike the most effective guns of the enemy with which they were contending. To this work they addressed themselves with renewed energy and increased zeal.

From this time the character of the temperance movement changed. Thereafter it was to claim the attention of statesmen, and demand the support of good citizens as one directly connected with the problem of good government. It was no longer to confine itself to throwing rescuing lines to victims who had been engulfed by the liquor traffic, that haply some few might be saved therefrom; but while this work was not to be neglected, an attack intent upon its extirpation was to be directed against the traffic itself, whose meat and drink it was to cast those victims into the maelstrom of misery and vice.

Marvellously has the result justified their judgment and rewarded their labor. The experience of the last half of this century has shown that society, to protect itself from the liquor trade, may apply to it the principle of prohibition as successfully as to any other form of crime. This has been especially true as to Maine, where it was first attempted, and where the results of the policy have been wonderfully beneficent. A large portion of the State is entirely free from it, while whatever of it remains exists against law and good conscience, and in its power for evil bears the same relation to the old-time legalized traffic that a political "boss" hunted with indictments bears to "Tweedism" in the plenitude of political power. In this, Maine, in the high noon of this century, set an example that a people abhorring the hateful trade may well follow. As a consequence the general prosperity of the State is such that it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that no equal population anywhere else, spread over so large a territory, has attained to so high an average in all the essentials of comfort and happiness as have her people.

With slight paraphrasing, the quotation from Dr. Rush may be made to read,

> "The rulers of a community which tolerates the liquor traffic will in time partake of the character of that trade, and the government of such community will sooner or later show the effects of the traffic in multiform opposition to what the people have a right to expect and ought to demand."

Were this not a self-sustaining proposition, its soundness might be established by numerous instances in the history of many municipalities in this country which are so familiar that they need not be cited here.

Is the influence of this traffic of a kind that its domination in governmental affairs can be contemplated with equanimity by good citizens? That trade is now universally recognized as a public burden. It is deemed by the intelligent as destructive of the welfare and obstructive to the progress of society. In what other quarter does more that is pernicious originate? From what other direction is more of injury to be feared? Within its black shadow every sin that dishonors God, every crime that defies the laws of man, every vice that weakens the body, debases the mind, or corrupts the soul, almost every disease that afflicts our race, and nearly every occasion for human misery and sorrow, find a natural and prolific breeding-place. Nor do the poverty, misery, and crime to which it subjects individuals more than partially measure its baleful effects. Society as a whole suffers from it only in a less degree than do the persons whom it makes its victims.

The damage inflicted by the liquor traffic upon the commonwealth is not simply incidental or without intent. The nature of the trade is such that it must inflict injury; for, aware that it is inconsistent with the general weal, and therefore constantly expecting society to protect itself by appropriate legislation, and realizing that it ought not to receive assistance from good citizens, the liquor traffic finds its allies among those who, like itself, are naturally antagonistic to good government. Rallying to its own defence, and stimulating with its own more demoralizing influence every form of instinctive and selfish opposition to law and order, the liquor trade places the motley crew it commands at the service of whatever will protect itself from any device either to suppress or curtail it. No legislator or official who will thus serve it can be so corrupt as to forfeit its support, and no ring which will aid it will lack the assistance of the trade in any scheme, however unconscionable, to enrich itself with the plunder of the public. So that it has a license to fatten itself thereon, it cares not who else may despoil the treasures of the people.

All this is known and in a measure appreciated by many who have had but little sympathy with any phase of the temperance movement. Yet to that they are indebted for much of the knowledge of it which they possess, and for most of the hostility they feel against the domination of the saloon interest in public affairs, and on this movement they must depend for even a measure of the protection they believe to be necessary.

How else can the danger with which the liquor traffic threatens society be averted? By the dissemination of public knowledge? The saloons of our country outnumber and each of them is daily destroying a portion of the work of our schools. We may well concern ourselves for the safety of our common-school system. Through it we are prepared for civil and religious liberty, but the evil which neutralizes so much of the work of our schools is only less dangerous to our institutions than the hand which would strike them down.

Can reliance for safety be placed in the growth of the elevating influences of the church? The saloons are more numerous than our churches, and each is as aggressive for evil as is either of the churches for good, while the former are united in relentless opposition to all that the latter prays may be brought about. The antagonism between the saloon and the church is natural and inevitable, and sooner or later the influence of the one must succumb to that of the other.

What, then, is to be done? The change from the condition of the liquor traffic under the law in the first half of the nineteenth century to its present position represents immense progress when it is considered how firmly that traffic was then rooted. This is largely due to the action in Maine forty-three years ago. Let the work continue. Effectively strip the dangerous trade of the respectability that it obtains from the sanction of law, and it is shorn of much of its power for evil. That done, it can only exist through the indifference of the people; and a people that would not be free from it does not deserve to be. The temperance agitation of the nineteenth century has pointed the path to this freedom for all who will walk therein. A full appreciation of what the liquor traffic is constantly doing and threatening, and a realization and performance of duty relative to it, will secure relief. My faith was never stronger that the people are virtuous, courageous, and intelligent enough for this. Neither the present indifference and neglect of those who ought to be leaders in the movement for it, nor the interest of those who for selfish reasons oppose it, will be able to indefinitely postpone what Christians, philanthropists, and good citizens alike should all unite to bring about.

THE TROUBLES IN DENVER.

THE main question in the troubles in Denver, which culminated March 15th in the calling out of the militia by Governor Waite, is the problem of municipal government. The crisis which followed his ill-advised conduct necessitated prompt action on the part of all loyal and peace-abiding citizens, regardless of personal views. In his persistence in bringing on a conflict between the militia and the police department, Governor Waite had no other supporter than his loyal and equally impatient wife, whose counsels were ever to ignore the courts and the advice of prominent citizens. In his intemperate desire to effect an immediate settlement of the question of the removal of the defiant office-holders by the use of force he was reckless of the cost. The probable great loss of life—even assassination—did not cause him to hesitate one moment. His passion knew no bounds during all that eventful afternoon. When citizens from commercial bodies waited upon him, when hundreds of men were rushing about to secure the personal appeals for peace from men who it was thought had some influence with him, he stubbornly reiterated the one proposition—the defiant officials must submit. The threatened shedding of innocent blood was the final effective argument that induced him to call for the aid of the United States army. By that means he hoped to secure the surrender of the City Hall officials without bloodshed; but when he found that the military forces could only move to keep the peace, without taking active part on either side, then, when too late, the Governor was compelled to submit to the force of Federal arms and withdraw his militia. It was with regret that he had at any time been persuaded to delay action in forcing the militia to fight against such odds as were massed in front of them. In the mind of the Governor there was a principle involved. It was his stern duty to carry out that principle, regardless of consequences. This was the situation that confronted the people of Denver on that most exciting day. The presence of Federal troops alone saved the city from a terrible insurrection—from all the horrors, almost, of the Paris Commune. That the monster crowds behaved with remarkable consideration and good order speaks highly for the class of citizens that compose the body-politic of Denver.

While many personal influences are intertwined with the contest for the possession of the offices of fire and excise commissioners of the board of fire and police, the question at issue is a legal one, which can best be understood by a brief review of the history of municipal government in Denver. Prior to the year 1891 municipal affairs in Denver were managed upon the most corrupt methods. Under the existing laws the police department was a political weapon. In elections ballot-boxes were stolen, voters were intimidated at the primaries and at the polls, and might was right. The famous boodler trials were the result of such extraordinary corruption.

The public was aroused, not for better government, but for a change in the controlling power. The newspapers were personal organs fighting for the supremacy of their owners. Under the guise of bettering the existing conditions, a change in the methods of controlling the police, fire, and public works departments was demanded. As Denver was controlled by a special charter granted by the State Legislature when Colorado was admitted, this charter was declared to be inadequate for the needs of a growing city. The Legislature changed it. The political influence being then strongly Republican, it was believed that by this plan the city could always be controlled by the dominant party. The police department, along with the other two, was taken out of the control of the municipality and placed in the hands of the Governor of the State. It was argued that by so doing the corrupting influences would be checked.

Following this change, Governor Routt appointed commissioners composing the two boards, two members of each being of the dominant political party, as the revised charter required. But in the spring election, as a rebuke of the past corrupt municipal administration, Platt Rogers, a Democrat, was elected Mayor. At once a conflict arose between the boards under appointment of the Governor and the Democratic Mayor. It was found that friction under such a plan was inevitable. Mayor Rogers, who had been an advocate of a plan that would make the Mayor the responsible head of all departments, tried to carry out that idea under the revised charter. His term was a constant turmoil and conflict of authority in consequence. Last year the charter was amended in the hope that matters would be improved, but the power of the Governor to control the boards was not altered.

This put the management in the hands of Governor Waite, a stranger to municipal problems and a stranger to the needs of a city. From a legal stand-point Governor Waite has the right to discharge from office the commissioners he appoints, under these restrictions:

> "All appointments by the Governor shall be made with power of suspension or removal at any time for cause, to be stated in writing, but not for political reasons."—*Charter*.

In the contest of Phelps, removed by Governor Waite last fall, the Supreme Court upheld the right of the Governor to exercise this power of removal, and it was stated that he was to be the sole judge of the cause. He is not required to hold an investigation nor to examine witnesses. When he states in writing a cause, and it is "not for political reasons," he has done all the legal requirements necessary to cause removal. His reasons for the removal of members Martin and Orr, who now contest this right, was stated, and the reasons were not political.

When he gave notice to Martin and Orr that they were removed, and as soon as he had appointed their successors, they applied to Judge Graham, of the District Court, for a writ of injunction to restrain the Governor, the Mayor, the new members, and the third member, who had been the closest friend of the Governor in this matter, from attempting by force to take possession of their respective offices and exercise the functions therein vested. Upon application on the part of the Governor's attorneys for a construction of the injunction order, Judge Graham declared it the power of the court to enjoin the Executive from attempting to install the appointees into office. Whether this decision is good law or not it is not the purpose of this article to discuss. Governor Waite believed that it was incorrect and an illegal conclusion, and, smarting under the belief that the decision had been obtained through the influence of corporation power and the power of "plutocrats," he asserted his right as Chief Executive of the State to totally ignore all courts hereafter, with the results that have now become historic.

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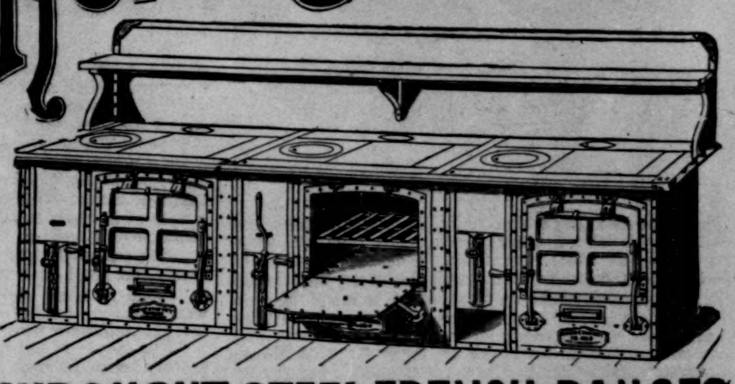

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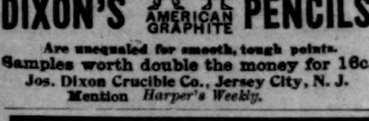

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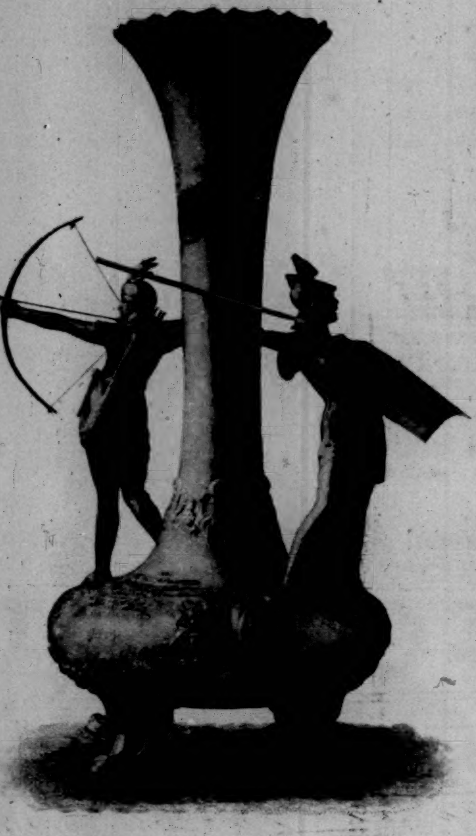


THE CUP OF THE "VIGILANT."

THE *America's* Cup, which our British cousins have striven with so much determination to gain, is at present the property of the New York Yacht Club. It can never come into possession of the owners of the yacht that at any time should win it; it simply becomes a trust in the hands of the club to which the yacht belongs. The members of the New York Yacht Club have therefore followed the precedent, and have presented to the owners of the *Vigilant* a cup of beautiful design and workmanship to commemorate her victory over the *Valkyrie*.

The cup was designed and made by the Whiting Manufacturing Company, who are also makers of the *Mischief*, *Puritan*, *Mayflower*, and *Volunteer* trophies. The *Vigilant* Cup, however, tops them all. It is twenty-eight inches in height, of solid silver, and represents two figures—one of an American Indian Princess about to let go an arrow at a foe, and of a Valkyrie, of the German legends, about to hurl her spear. They stand upon the base of a vase which rests upon four dolphins' heads as supports. The decorations at the side of the vase represent waves lapping against a rock. The whole design is graceful and light, and one of the most beautiful yacht trophies ever produced. The modelling of the two figures is exceptionally fine.

A GIFTED BROTHER.

WHATEVER you do, don't have a talented brother. If you have one, make him change his name and cut him off with a shilling—or get him to cut you off with fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. It will save you a good deal of trouble in the end. Because this is the way that things happen: You live in the same house, and your brother gets any number of invitations to clubs, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, lunches, teas, receptions, balls, picnics, funerals, weddings, christenings, coaching parties, theatre parties, yachting trips, races, slumming excursions, amateur concerts—in fact, all those things that society has to go in for to keep awake; and as they hear that he has a brother they invite you to go too. You go, sometimes, and then the humiliation begins. At the door the host meets you and takes your brother's coat and hat, leaving the butler to hide yours. Then you go into the parlor or drawing-room or salon—depends on the size of the house and number of dollars owned by the host what you shall call it—and there everybody is introduced to "Mr. Van Browne and brother." You are never Mr. Van Browne. Oh dear no!

From that moment the process of emphasizing the talented one's distinctions goes on, and simultaneously there is a process of crushing you. You are not supposed to care anything for society or to know anybody in it. You have no views on art, politics, books, the last murder, or the newspapers. The company swarms about your brother, and you roam around and look at the pictures, or get into talk with a wall-flower, who feels a spite at every Browne in the universe because your brother did not happen to remember meeting her two years before at the Bildergast's ball, while he did recall that little pink and white Tubkinson girl. You are amazed that the compliments stuffed into your brother's head do not give him mental dyspepsia for the rest of his life, but he really acts as though he liked them. I got a stray crumb at the dinner dance in the De Raggles mansion last Tuesday. My brother was in the Japan room, having been taken there to admire some vases, and all of the party that could get in swarmed after him, leaving almost room in the salon to walk. I was standing in my usual attitude of dejection before Mr. De Raggles's favorite Troyon—I hate Troyon, not so much because there is nothing in his pictures as because everybody else pretends to see so much—when a girl who had just come in elbowed her way to me with her fresh face and blue eyes all aglow, and with the frankest and prettiest smile in the world exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Van Browne, do excuse me for being so informal, but mamma has got into the corner with our rector, and he simply won't let her go! Oh, he is such a dull man!" And she rolled up her eyes as if in despair at telling how dull the rector was. "I did want to see you just to say how much I enjoyed that article of yours in the *Metropolis*. I did not intend to read it, but mamma said that we would meet you to-night, and that I ought to be able to converse with you intelligently on the subject of your writings. So I read the article, and really I liked it."

This was balm. I had just had an article in the *Metropolis;* the only thing I had written in six months that had been accepted. So I said, "You flatter me, Miss—"

"Tompkins. Yes, it's Tompkins. Awful name!" And she dropped those lustrous eyes with a deprecatory air that was simply maddening. What mattered to me her name? I wanted to clasp her in my arms then and there and ask her to change it, but as I feared that she might not like me to do that on short acquaintance and before so many people, I merely ventured to remonstrate that it was not so bad as I mine.

"Oh, yes it is," she declared, earnestly.

I countered by telling her that there was once a Governor named Tompkins, but never a one named Browne.

"But the 'Van' gives such distinction," she insisted. "And besides, you have elevated the name by your genius. Dickens! What an absurd name that would have been if he hadn't written novels! But he did write novels, and the name does not sound absurd now to anybody."

"But I am not a Dickens."

"I should think you would be glad of that; I dislike an imitator."

I winced, for was not my name an imitation of my brother's? "I meant that Dickens was a great writer, and I am not."

"You must let others judge as to that."

"Others do," I answered, bitterly. "The magazine editors do. Miss Tompkins, I have four pounds of rejected manuscript in my desk at this moment."

She looked at me with a smile, as if sure that I was joking, but when she found me serious the smile faded into a look of astonishment.

"Four pounds! It is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to a magazine editor. If William Shakespeare were alive to-day he could not sell a sonnet."

"Why, it is perfectly awful!" she said. "I had no idea that there was any trouble about getting *your* articles printed."

"It has cost me an average of eighty cents in postage-stamps to sell a dollar's worth of writing. I hawk an article around this country first, then I give England a chance, and when it is worn to ribbons I unload it into a newspaper. Miss Tompkins, whatever you do, don't go into literature. It's the most heart-breaking business in the world."

She came a little nearer. "Your boutonnière is coming out; let me pin it," she said. She was sympathetic; the touch of her hand, so deft and light, on my coat, the fragrance of her hair as she bent her head, the flutter of her breath, sent a thrill all through me. My impulse to throw my arms around her and crush her in an embrace was nearly irresistible, but I did resist it, and said, "Much obliged."

"I had no idea," she said, in a tender tone, "that there were so many hardships in the author's lot. I supposed that the publishers were almost chasing you all the time."

"Not they! If it were not for my place in a wholesale grocery house, I should starve to death."

I watched her narrowly to see how she would take it. There was no sign of the contempt that I feared directly I had mentioned groceries.

"One would suppose that you would sell your stories as fast as you wrote them. You've written so many—"

"What I have published bears no proportion to what I have written."

"You must be a tremendously industrious man."

At that moment there was a bustle at the farther end of the room, and my brother entered, smiling, and trying to listen to twenty women at once, who were clacking away in a most confusing manner. Miss Tompkins looked around. "How distinguished! And how he resembles you!" she said.

"Yes, we are brothers."

"Oh, I knew that."

My heart came into my mouth with joy. She had not been flattering my brother, then, in praising me; she was interested in me for myself alone. Again I longed to fold her in my arms and tell her that she was the dearest little creature I had ever met.

"You must be very proud of your brother," she said, watching him as he bent to this side and that, catching compliments.

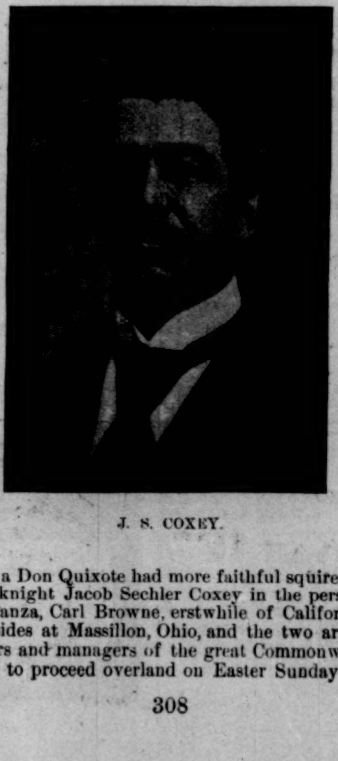
"Eh? Oh yes; I am. We all are; mother especially."

"Now, I want you to be real good. Forgive me for intruding upon you so, but I did not see any one here who was well enough acquainted with him to do the honors, and I want you to give me a very special introduction."

I ground my teeth. I was still Mr. Van Browne's brother.

C. S. MONTGOMERY.

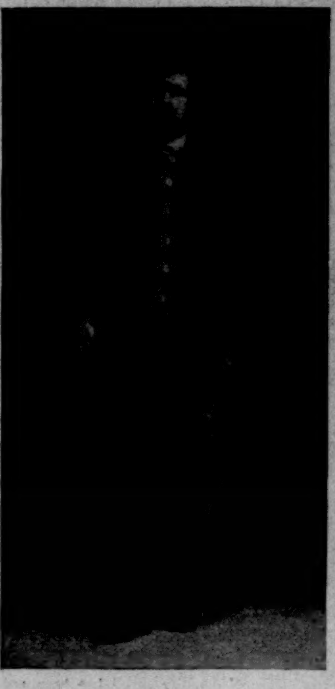
THE COXEY-BROWNE CRUSADE.



J. S. COXEY.

NEVER a Don Quixote had more faithful squire than that valorous knight Jacob Sechler Coxey in the person of his Sancho Panza, Carl Browne, erstwhile of California. Mr. Coxey resides at Massillon, Ohio, and the two are the sole proprietors and managers of the great Commonweal army, scheduled to proceed overland on Easter Sunday to Washington, there to hurl defiance at the "subservient tools of Wall Street," and demand, in the name of the "down-trodden people," the passage of two bills, the enactment of which Mr. Coxey deems essential to the perpetuation of the republic. These worthies have no doubt at all that when they surround the Capitol and blow their blast the walls will straightway topple, as they did in Jericho years ago, and that the proud and arrogant legislators will fall all over themselves in their haste to do the bidding of the common people. "And if they don't," says Mr. Coxey, with eyes uplifted, "God help us!"

Mr. Coxey has two plans for national salvation. One of these is the issue of $500,000,000 in irredeemable paper-money to be spent in the construction of public roads. The other is the extension of the right to municipalities to send their bonds to Washington and obtain a government loan thereon, without interest, to be repaid at the rate of four per cent. annually. To secure the adoption of these measures Mr. Coxey is organizing the commonweal, intending it to march to the capital by easy stages, and arrive there on May 1st, 100,000 strong. At the present time it seems probable that the farce comedy will proceed. Its mission is surely peaceable, and while the enterprise is fraught with very serious possibilities, as are all movements that appeal to the idle, the lawless, and the visionary, no great harm can come, unless the "army" gets out of the control of its chiefs.



CARL BROWNE.

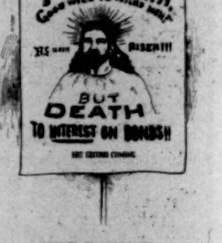
Mr. Coxey is forty years of age; owns a valuable stone-quarry and some fine horses. He would make money were he not so indefatigable as a reformer. He expects to take rank with Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, and the cost comes high. He furnishes the ideas in the rough and the sinews of war—Carl Browne does the rest. Mr. Browne affects the cowboy garb with distinguished ability. He was born in '48, accompanied Dennis Kearney on his anti-Chinese crusade, saw Charles DeYoung shoot Mayor Kalloch in San Francisco, and succeeded in making himself so obnoxious last summer on the Lake Front in Chicago that Mayor Harrison ordered him to leave the city. Hence his claim to greatness.

In addition to their general crankiness, these two worthies possess special distinction by reason of an alleged divine inspiration said to actuate their movements. Mr. Browne assumes to be a sort of natural Theosophist. He imbibed the doctrine with the ozone while campaigning on the prairies of Nebraska. It came to him as suddenly and surely as though pounded in with a club that a portion of the soul of Christ was reincarnated within him, together with portions of many other souls.

Competent authorities say that Mr. Browne is a blasphemer. He does not think so. He was drawn to Mr. Coxey by some irresistible impulse, which he ascribes to a reincarnation of another portion of Christ in the latter, and this Mr. Coxey is very ready to believe. Mr. Coxey is now a Theosophist too. He does not pretend to any supernatural knowledge on the subject, but he has implicit faith in Browne, and modestly poses as the personal representative of the Saviour because Browne says he is.

These gentlemen have planted a very extensive crop of bulletins, more or less incendiary in character, and rich in the jargon of the Populistic vocabulary. While they are not likely to live long in history, their proceedings may form an interesting episode in contemporaneous events.

ROBERT P. SKINNER.



THE BANNER.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE SUN.

ALONG the margin of the world
They march with their bright banners furled,
Until, in line of battle drawn,
They reach the boundaries of dawn.

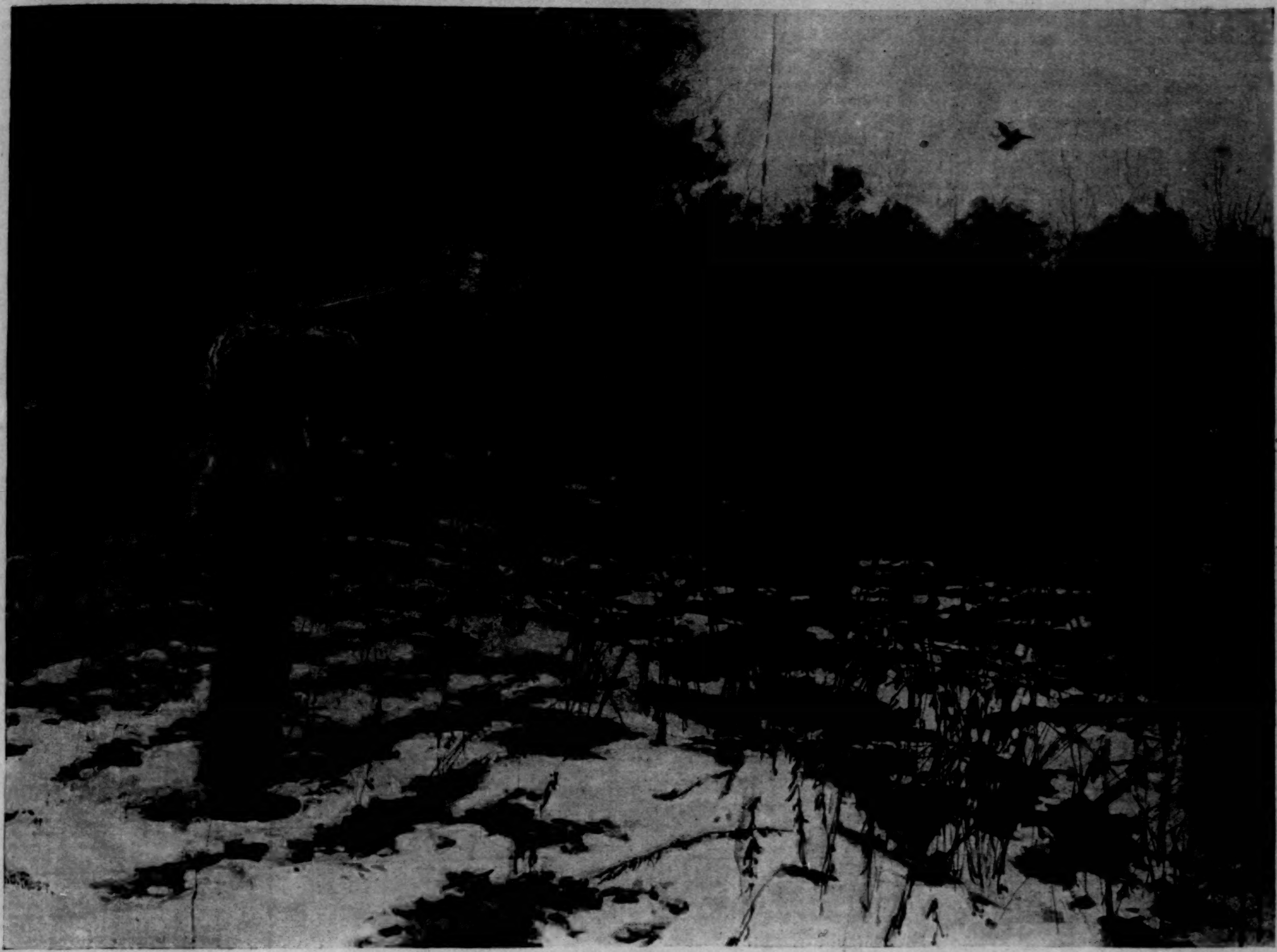
They cross the seas and rivers deep,
They climb the mountains high and steep,
And hurry on until in sight
Of their black enemy—the Night.

Then madly rush into the fray
These armies of the Night and Day.
Swiftly the shining arrows go,
While bugling Winds their warnings blow.

Strive as He will, the Night is pressed
Farther and farther down the west.
With golden spear and gleaming lance
The cohorts of the Day advance.

Thus, daily, is the battle won
By the brave soldiers of the Sun!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.



RUFFED-GROUSE SHOOTING—A SHOT IN THE OPEN.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

AMATEVR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is at present in England in the interest of Harper's Weekly, *making a careful study of Amateur Sport in Great Britain. Mr. Whitney will soon begin to contribute his articles from abroad, and in the mean time this department is supplied by prominent authorities on special subjects connected with amateur sport.*

RUFFED-GROUSE HUNTING.

BY STODDARD GOODHUE.

Most of the happy days of boyhood fade from the memory of the man—more's the pity. The first boots and first trousers were ideals achieved in their day, but even such momentous events as these soon pass into the realm of the forgotten. There is one epoch-making event, however, whose image is sure to cling. Who can forget his first gun, and the superlative joy that came with it?

In my own case the gun epoch is as clear as yesterday, though it must have come not so *very* long after the trouser epoch, which I cannot at all remember. What a marvellous piece of mechanism that first gun seemed to me! It was a little sixteen-gauge breech-loader, single-barrelled, and in no wise remarkable; but no choke-bored hammerless of to-day, with its extension rib, patent fore-end, and what not, seems the perfect weapon to me now that this little gun seemed then. I could scarcely bear to part with it overnight, and I was up before sunrise next day, preparing to go forth and test my new acquisition in the field. It was to be my maiden effort as a sportsman. I had fired a gun a few times at a target, but never at any game; so the delight of a first effort was to be added to the charm of first possession. The result was a day of unparalleled enthusiasm and happiness, one which even now heads the list—alas! not a very long one—of my perfect days.

It was one of those mellow, hazy October days, perfect as the rarest one in the fairest June. Masses of golden-rods and asters decked the pastures, a retiring gentian peered here and there from the lowland grasses, and in the distance the woods stood suffused in joyous yellows and scarlets. To the woods I went. I passed the fringe of brilliant sumacs, and trod amid the shadows of oak and hickory and walnut with the feeling of a mighty hunter. A host of incidents of that day are still before me. I can hear the rustle of leaves fanned by the wind, the sharp spat of a falling acorn or nut, the "quank" of a nuthatch or the companionable gossip of a chickadee, and all the cheery sounds that echo through the autumn woodland. The entire scene is scarcely more a vision and a dream to me now than it was then; it had the joy and the unreality of perfect happiness. But I must not dwell upon it, except to tell of the crowning incident, which is my excuse for introducing it at all. I wandered some distance without seeing anything to shoot at, and I came finally to a glade in the woodland, along the border of which were piles of brush. I went up to one of these and stamped upon it, thinking it might harbor a rabbit. As I did so there was a rush and whir, and a gray streak shot out into the air and went humming across the clearing. Just what I did is only inferential. I only know that a moment later I was standing there peering through a wreath of smoke and seeing nothing, and then that I was out in the glade, kneeling among the golden-rods and asters, and viewing with ecstasy the form of a large bird, whose softly mottled plumage seemed to me the most beautiful texture I had ever seen. I had shot a ruffed grouse. I will not attempt to describe my feelings. He who has been a boy sportsman understands them untold; he who has not could never comprehend them. But a flush of enthusiasm and pleasure comes to me still as I think of that first achievement. Surely it was an auspicious introduction to the art of Nimrod.

It is a pity that the bird of which I have just spoken has not some appropriate and unambiguous name in the vernacular. "Ruffed grouse" seems too stiff and technical a name for a creature so graceful and beautiful; but if I had said that I shot a "partridge" half my readers would have understood me, while the other half would at once have imagined a very different bird, only a third as large—the one that goes about whistling "ah, bob-white," in the spring. And when I explained that I did not mean bob-white, the reply would very likely have been, "Well, if you meant a pheasant, why did you not say so?" The reason I did not say so is that I did not mean so; the ruffed grouse is not a pheasant, nor is he a partridge; yet by one name or the other he is colloquially known throughout the United States. Both names are unfortunate, as both belong properly to foreign birds, one of which is now being introduced into our country. But the fact that neither name is correct is not perhaps so important as the fact that there are two names at all, for this results in constant confusion whenever sportsmen from different sections of the country converse together. I have heard Northern and Southern sportsmen wrangle about the habits of the "partridge" for some time before they discovered that they were speaking of entirely different birds. At length the Northerner would discover that his friend meant to describe his "quail," and the Southerner would find out that the other was talking about his "pheasant." And had an Englishman been present, he would probably have been at his wits' end to understand the conversation and harmonize it with what he knew of these birds before he finally found out that neither one of the birds under discussion is really either quail, partridge, or pheasant. Ornithologists have made several commendable efforts to overcome the confusion by renaming the smaller of the two game-birds in question. They called him "ortyx," but that was a name which no sportsman seemed ready to adopt. At last they took the bird's own suggestion in the matter, simple and felicitous, and he now stands as "bob-white." It would be well if sportsmen everywhere would adopt this name. It is really the only correct way to refer to the bird. If now some one would find an equally satisfactory name for the ruffed grouse, he would render a public service. "Drummer" has been suggested, but though this is descriptive and unequivocal, it scarcely appeals to one as an appropriate appellation for the most beautiful of the land game-birds of our continent. For the present, therefore, there seems nothing better than to use, even in general descriptions, the correct vernacular name ruffed grouse. The bird's technical name is *Bonasia umbellus*.

After all, the name ruffed grouse is peculiarly appropriate, if not especially pleasing, for the silky black ruffs which the bird wears on the sides of his neck are a very notable and conspicuous feature of his attire. They are strictly and exclusively ornamental, one of those fopperies, if you please, which most species, including our own, put on solely for the edification of the opposite sex. As is usual in most species other than our own (I dare make the exception, because my readers are presumably men), these vanities are chiefly affected by the male sex. The female grouse is not altogether without ruffs, however, though she wears much more modest ones than her lord. Otherwise her plumage is very similar to his. I have called him the handsomest of our game-birds of the land, and I think this estimate does not require qualification. What among subdued tints could be more exquisite than his mottled buffs and grays and browns? The dotting and pencilling of his back is as beautiful a decoration as can be found on the plumage of almost any other bird whatsoever for the eye of any one who does not esteem gorgeousness a necessary prerequisite to beauty. No one appreciates his beauty better than the bird himself. With pride matching that of the proudest peacock, he struts up and down his chosen log in the mating season, pausing now and then to "drum" a love-message that any listening hen within half a mile may hear and understand. How it throbs on the air, seeming never near and never distant, this strangest of woodland sounds! It is made with the wings, beyond question, but whether their backs strike together, or whether they merely pulsate resonantly in the air, is a question awaiting an answer from instantaneous photography. The unaided eye is not quick enough to decide positively, but the wings certainly seem to strike together.

In any event there is nothing equivocal about the sound they produce. It is at once a love-message for the hen and a challenge to any rival. In the fall, it is true, and sometimes late at night, this strange throbbing sound may be heard, and then it can scarcely have such meaning. When produced thus out of season it is presumably either the lament of an old bird in reminiscent mood, or the practice performance of a youngster.

The ruffed hen deposits her eggs in a leaf-lined hollow under a brush-pile in the wood or at the base of a tree, or, more rarely, altogether without protection of surrounding objects, on the ground in the open woodland. Perhaps the nest is on some accounts safer there, as weasels and foxes and wood-rats would be more likely to search in out-of-the-way corners than in the open. Like other game-birds, but unlike some small ground-nesting birds, the grouse gives out no scent that any enemy can detect while she is on the nest. As an illustration of the completeness of this abolition of odor, and also as showing how wonderfully the plumage of the bird blends with her surroundings, I might relate that I have many times, when in the woods in the spring, ordered my setter to "heel," and walked with him right by a nesting grouse that sat entirely unprotected by any surroundings whatever—plainly visible, in fact, after you had once detected her, for some yards on either side—both of us passing within touching distance of her without the dog discovering her at all. The manœuvre had to be performed, however, with an appearance of *sang-froid*. If I approached cautiously, or looked straight at the bird in passing, she left the nest with a rush. As a lad I even once captured a sitting grouse in my hands by dropping on her suddenly as I was passing, having approached as if without seeing her—a fool-

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gurdon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

ish boyish trick that I have ever since regretted. I held her but a moment, however, then she slipped through my fingers, leaving a few feathers, and darted away. Strange to say, she returned, even after such treatment, and hatched her brood in due time. This was the more remarkable as many grouse will desert if their nest is even discovered, though in no way molested. The incubating instinct seems much stronger in some individuals than in others. The usual number of eggs is ten or twelve, but I once found a nest with twenty-two. Until the entire complement is laid, the eggs are kept covered with leaves; after that, when the bird leaves the nest in search of food, as she does occasionally, usually toward evening, the eggs are generally left uncovered. I have been much interested to observe that while the hen was lurking in the neighborhood of her nest after beginning to lay, but before incubation had begun, my setter scented her as well as at any other time. That the effluvium should cease to be given out as soon as setting begins is a most remarkable fact, partially explained, perhaps, by the slowing of all the vital processes, due to almost absolute muscular relaxation and inactivity. But why are not all ground-nesting birds similarly protected?

Many birds resort to artifice in the attempt to draw one away from their nests, but I have never seen the grouse attempt this. If surprised later on, however, when abroad with her chicks, she performs the most extraordinary manœuvres, tumbling about almost at your feet as if all her members were broken. She always just manages to keep out of the way, however, and a moment later she hurtles off. Even if you are perfectly aware of the meaning of the ruse, it usually succeeds perfectly. It is like the art of the prestidigitator. For an instant your attention is diverted, and that instant is enough. Before you can turn your eyes every chick has vanished. They seem simply to melt away, and ten chances to one you will not see one of them again though you search never so closely. Such disappearance, especially if it chance to occur in an open wood, where there seems to be nothing to hide under, is one of the mysteries that woodcraft has not solved. It is almost incredible to any one who has not witnessed it, and quite incomprehensible to one who has.

After the hunting season opens—which should not be before the 1st of October—the grouse conduct themselves very differently, according as they are or are not much hunted. Where they have not been disturbed they will usually be found in coveys of ten or a dozen individuals—a brood of the season. As your dog flushes them, very likely they will flit up into small trees on all sides of you, and sit there in plain view, watching you with much interest, but without the least fear. This is an opportunity for the pot-hunter. Strangely enough, even noise does not frighten them under these circumstances, and they may be picked off one after another at the slayer's leisure—a proceeding as sportsmanlike and exciting as the shooting of hens in a barnyard.

Sometimes grouse will "tree" even when they have had previous experience of sportsmen, but then they usually do so after a long flight, drifting among the higher limbs of a large tree in the open woods. If you have followed up a grouse you have flushed and missed, and your dog is unable to find him again within a reasonable distance, you will perhaps detect him standing bolt-upright in the crotch of an oak forty or fifty feet from the ground. When he leaves that perch he will give you an imitation of a meteor, and if you stop him you may justly plume yourself on the feat. You will do it with your first barrel if at all, for he will be far beyond range before you can aim again. Indeed, this is about equally true when the grouse flushes from the ground, after he has learned what is expected of him. Only the exceptionally callow bird takes to a tree. Eastern sportsmen tell me they have never known a grouse to do so at any season or under any conditions, except when "budding" in the winter—it is getting buds for food. They know the grouse only at his best—a bird that breaks cover with a hum that seems almost a roar in the silence of the woodland, and which flashes before the eye for a moment and is gone.

Under such conditions he is a game-bird worthy the prowess of any sportsman. He is an animated rocket—the very swiftest bunch of flying feathers the sportsman is called upon to aim at. Indeed, aiming is hardly in question in shooting the ruffed grouse. There is scarcely time for that even in the most open woods; and in the thickets of second-growth poplar and oak, which are favorite resorts, a "snap shot" is the only thing possible, and as often as not you only fire into the leaves behind which you have seen the bird disappear at that. Many a grouse have I brought down that I did not see at all when I pulled trigger. Handling the gun and discharging it come to be simply reflex actions with the expert grouse-hunter. There is a hum of wings and the roar of a gun. You scarcely realize that you

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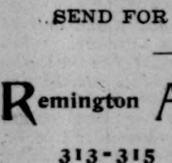

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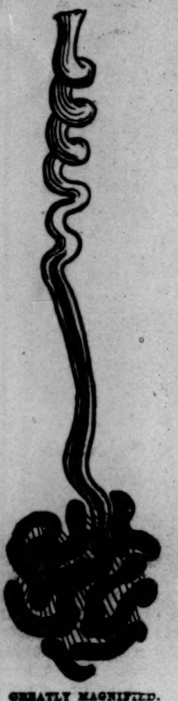

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Is a Sweat or Excretory Gland.
Its mouth is called a PORE.
There are 7,000,000 in the human skin.
Through them are discharged many impurities.
To close them means death.
Sluggish or clogged pores mean yellow, mothy skin, pimples, blotches, eczema.
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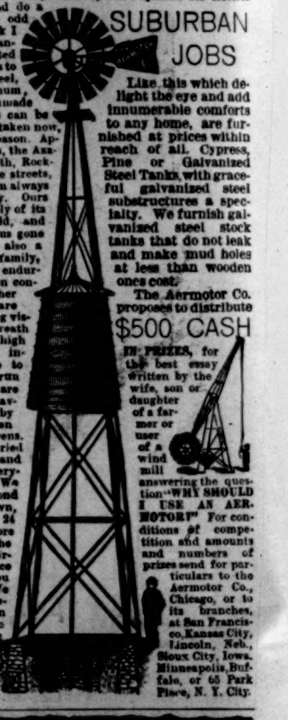

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have brought the gun to your shoulder, and are utterly unconscious of having aimed it or touched the trigger. But you find an empty shell in your right barrel, and here comes the setter with the bird. Or, what is more likely, here comes the setter without the bird, and in the distance you still hear the hum of wings, which you follow intently, to "mark down" the grouse by the sound. Hark! Yes, he is down, over in that thicket beyond the lone oak, two or three hundred yards away. You follow, rapidly at first, then more slowly, while the setter beats cautiously back and forth. Keep him near you, for you cannot see him twenty yards away in this thicket. Suddenly he is rigid, then he begins "trailing." The game is running. Steady, now! Careful; not too fast. Hum-m-m! and the bird is off again. He has sprung within ten yards, yet you did not catch a glimpse of him. Mark him down again and follow, and you will get him presently, though it may take two or three more shells, for you are a crack shot if you can hit twice out of five in such thick "cover" as the grouse usually frequents.

For such shooting as this, where quickness is all-important, and the game is almost always near at hand, it hardly needs saying that a light gun is best. A twelve-gauge weighing seven pounds, or even a yet lighter sixteen gauge, answers admirably, as my early experience testifies. A cylinder barrel that does not throw the shot exceptionally close is best, though it does no harm to have the left barrel choked for an occasional long shot in the more open woods. Use not more than an ounce of No. 6 or 7 shot, preferably the latter if you are in a locality where you may get up a bob-white or a woodcock unexpectedly now and then. There is one point about the selection of a gun that is most important for any shooting, but absolutely essential in snap-shooting, yet which is commonly quite disregarded. Your gun must "fit" you. One gun no more fits all persons than does one coat. I do not refer to the weight or length of the gun, though these are important, but to the "drop" of the stock—that is, to the angle which the stock makes with the barrel. A short man requires a relatively straight gun; a tall man a relatively crooked one. A "straight" gun is one in which the top of the stock at its butt falls about two inches below the level of the sight-line of the barrels; a "crooked" one may fall five inches or even more below this level. It is obvious that if you put a straight gun into the hands of a man with long neck and sloping shoulders, his eye will tend, especially when he shoots quickly, to draw sight several inches above the breech of the gun. He may think he has aimed perfectly, but the charge will fly far above the bird. An excellent shot may find himself unable to hit anything simply because his gun does not fit him.

Scarcely any other bird tests the stanchness of your dog as does the ruffed grouse. Much of the time the dog is out of sight, and if he finds a bird then he must hold his point till you find him—a very trying thing, when perhaps he hears you starting in the other direction. Under the best conditions, a bird will be flushed inadvertently now and then, but as the flight is usually straight and not greatly prolonged, you may mark the bird down without difficulty, even where you have not seen it at all. We have no other bird, I think, that makes so loud a noise with its wings in flight. And yet, like most other birds that when frightened make a noise in flying, the grouse can fly silently. It is only when startled that it makes the prodigious humming which is so characteristic a sound to the sportsman.

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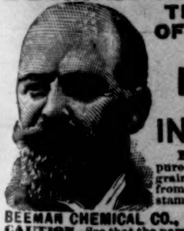

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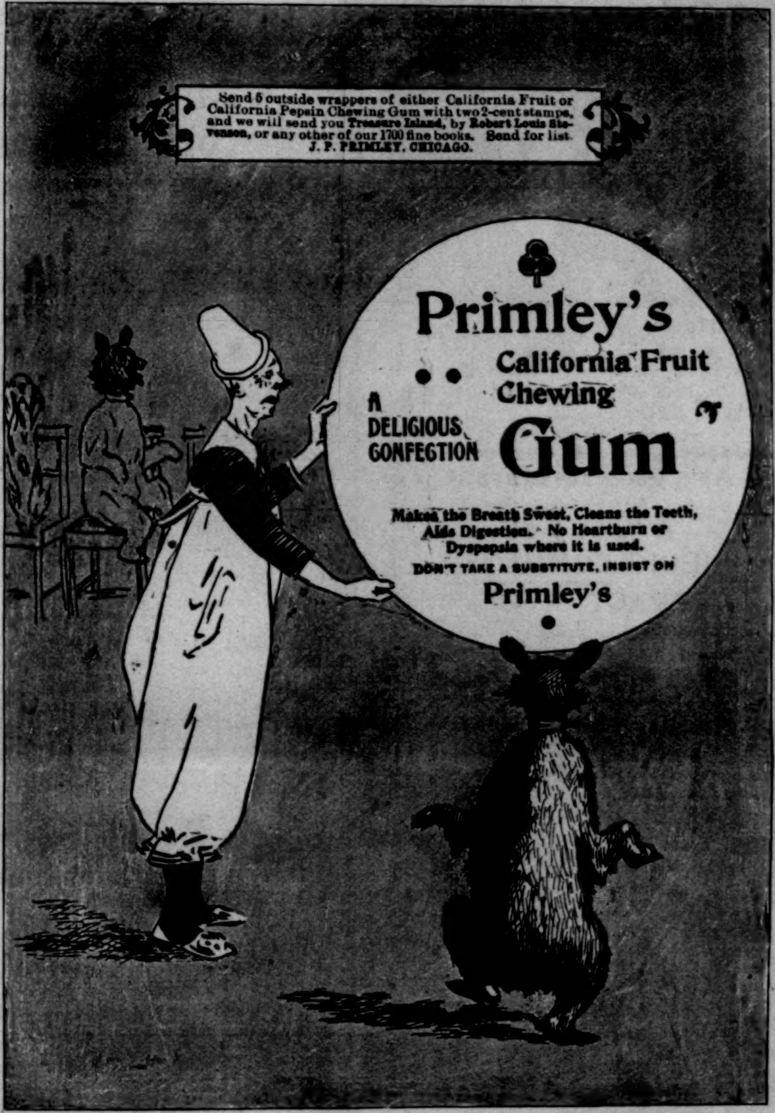

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